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D---n SW---T's
MEDLEY.

CONTAINING,

I. His SCHEME for making RELIGION and the CLERGY useful; with his Observations on the Cause and Cure of the PILES, and some useful Directions about wiping the POSTERIOBS.

II. REASON against COITION, a Discourse delivered to a private Congregation, on the following Text.

1 Cor. vii. 1, 27. *It were good for a man not to touch a woman—Art thou loosed from a wife; seek not a wife.*

Ex infinito ne causam causa sequatur. LUCRET.

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit. PET. ARB.

III. The Natural History of the ARBOR VITÆ, or the TREE of LIFE.

Nec minus ARBORIBUS succi genitabilis humor Sufficitur. BUCHAN. Psal. civ.

TOGETHER

With several other curious and entertaining Things, not mentioned in the Title.

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S C H E M E

Humbly offered, for making

R-l-g-n and the *C-rg-y*
Useful.

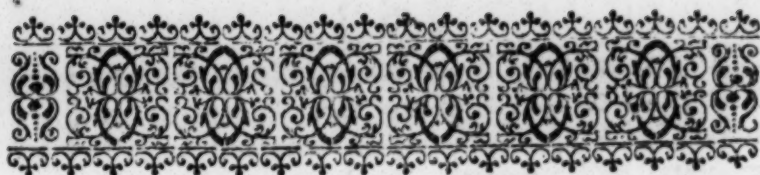
With the *Author's* Observations on the
Cause and Cure of the *Piles*: And
some useful DIRECTIONS about
wiping the POSTERIORES.



A 2



With the Author's Observations on the
Cause and Cure of the Fever: And
some useful DIRECTIONS about
the POSTERIOR



A
S C H E M E

Humbly offered, for making

R-l-g-n and the *C--rgy*
Useful, &c.



SEVERAL modern writers have endeavoured to wound religion through the sides of the clergy, but have hitherto met with the contempt they deserved; although, I must confess, religion is thereby sorely hurt; for, indeed, how was it possible the good men could spare any of their thoughts about religion, at a time when all their wit was scarce sufficient to defend themselves against the daily persecutions of the profane?

For my own part, I always looked upon religion as a very good thing; and am now about to consider it, not as a Politician, but as a Christian; in hopes I may set it in a proper light, by making it useful to mankind, (as it was at first design'd) by stripping it of the superstition with which it is at present miserably incumbered.

I can, indeed, by no means allow, that the present practice of it is of any use, (except to the physicians and apothecaries) as confined to a set of prayers, and a sermon in a damp house, close shut all the week, and, consequently, full of noisome and unwholesome vapours, exhaled or transpired through the earth, from the numberless dead and putrifying carcases lodg'd within, and close about the walls of the several churches in this kingdom; which practice, as it was introduced by *popish* superstition, might have been very wholesomely abolished by that religious prince *Henry VIII.* of pious memory, at the same time that he suppressed the abbeyes and monasteries in these his dominions. It is to be presumed (in excuse for that neglect) that his devotions were mostly performed within his own chapel; and as he was a zealous warm man, and sometimes impatient of advice, that the prelates of those days did not think it proper to mention the above particulars; which, however, cries grievously for reformation.

The wise heathens in *Greece* and *Italy*, and many other parts of the world, after burning the dead was disused, had burying places a good distance from large cities; no doubt to keep the air, which in great cities is too confin'd and thick, from being vitiated or contaminated by the putrefaction of dead bodies, than which nothing can be more pernicious or detrimental to the health of mankind.

I was myself, in my younger days, a great frequenter of churches on *Sundays*, which threw me into many disorders. Once I got a most violent flux, and was forced to go out of church, which frightened my friends very much; for it is said, that sickness got on a *Sunday* is commonly mortal; however, by a dram or two, and a good fire, I soon recovered. Another time, at *Christ Church*,
in,

in the commissioners seat, I was seiz'd so ill with the piles, that I thought of nothing less than a fever: However, that I might not charge myself with any neglect of my health, I repaired instantly to one Mr ———, a noted surgeon in ——— who applied a cooling plaister, which gave me present ease; by repeating which three days, and the application of a *leech*, I recovered; however, as at that time I did not suspect that my distemper was contracted in church, I went to prayers as usual, and had many returns of the disorder; and as the plaister made me walk as if I was be ———; on the contrary, to this day, whenever I think of the *leech*, I fancy I feel him crawling round my back-side. I had recourse to a friend, who assured me, he had laboured under the same disorder; and at the same time advised me to avoid going to church as much as possible, and never to make use of a publick *bog-house*; for that the unwholesome vapours settled on the seats at churches, and which arise from the fetid ordure in *bog-houses*, penetrated the *anus*, at that time expanded by performing its office; that a corrosion being made on the *anus*, by certain pointed nitrous particles in vitiated air, forcibly impelled upon that tender part, made it susceptible of the lubricating moisture, which in the explosion attends the excrement, and being of a saline or acrimonious quality, (in taste like tobacco-juice, as I have been told by curious enquirers into nature) very often occasion'd those tumors, which the learned call the *Piles*.

I took my friend's advice; and have, I thank God, enjoy'd my health very well of late: Indeed, if *Sunday* is a fine day, I take my wife and children sometimes to a country church, when I can hear of one with broken windows, or a roof out of repair; though we most commonly spend *Sunday* at home, where I make one of my boys
read

read *Æsop's Fables*, *Reynard the Fox*, or some other book of morality.

I must not forget to tell you, that I once thought to cure the PILES by wiping my bottom with *poetry*, another time with the writings of a certain great *physician*; but I found the doctor who advised me so it was a quack; and that any piece of clean paper will do, provided you begin just at the *Os Sacrum*, and wipe downwards, which gently closes the orifice, and keeps out the cold.

As I have profited myself by the above rules, I think I am, by the laws of humanity, obliged to publish my *observations* for the good of my fellow-subjects, and must at the same time affirm, That notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary, I do seriously think *religion* and the *clergy* may still be of use, and modestly hope they will concur with me in this my *scheme*.

I would humbly propose, That whereas the several churches and church-yards in the city of *Dublin*, have been found, by many years experience, to abound and be filled with unwholesome damps, cold and moist dews, noisome, fetid, and pestilential vapours and exhalations.

Causing the *Piles*, *Disentery*, *Vertigoe's*, *Spleen*, *Phrensy*, *Hysterick Vapours*, and many other distempers, to the prejudice of the good people of *Ireland*, and manifest damage and loss to his majesty, by depopulating this his loyal kingdom; for preventing of like evils for the future, That from and after the

Day of

the said churches and church-yards be locked up, and walled about in such manner, that it shall be impossible for man, woman, or child, to get within side the walls of the said churches or church-yards.

Nevertheless, as *religion* is a part of the constitution, which we can't do without, I would have certain

certain eminencies, within three miles of this city, mark'd out for groves ; in the midst of which there may be a temple, built in the form of a —, or any other shape the people shall judge proper, supported by pillars, and open on all sides, to keep the air clear and healthful. To these groves and temples the people may repair on *Sundays* or holidays, which will contribute much to their health, and the *clergy* may officiate, I think, in the present manner ; for I can't join in opinion with the citizens of *London*, for pulling down christianity, to establish *Williamitism* ; not but that it might serve ; but I am against innovations, and I really think, as christianity was left by the benevolent and righteous founder, it would still answer the end of religion in a wiser nation than *Ireland*.

However, if a change is determin'd, it is but a step from Christianity to *Williamitism* ; and as the ceremonies observ'd and perform'd in commemoration of that *hero*, and the other divine lawgiver, are much the same, it is not doubted, but all good christians, at least protestants, will readily agree in the transition, and the same *clergy* might still serve in the new religion, the rights being so very like.

To prevent schisms, which are always of dangerous consequence, if any person will be so silly, as still to adhere to christianity, or worship in a particular manner any other *hero*, I am for a toleration. *As to the late King JAMES, he ruined all his friends ; and on the whole, was so despicable a mortal, that I dare venture to affirm, he'll have no worshippers ;* but if the *Irish* natives may have any qualms of conscience, with respect to King WILLIAM, and rather chuse to worship the statue of *Brien Boiramhe*, (who is said to have been a very good and wise king) or any other *hero*,
antient

antient or modern, let them be indulg'd by all means, (for common observation informs us, that tender consciences by indulgence are found to grow harder.) Also, the *quakers* may have their George Fox, or William Penn, provided always that such statues be set up, and worship perform'd in the *country*; and that no man be admitted to serve the King in a post of *honour* or *profit*, till he has pass'd the test of drinking the *glorious memory* of King WILLIAM in a *bumper*, and be able to produce four of his neighbours to swear, *that, to the best of their belief, he had done so for six months last past*; the same *ceremony*, after getting a place, to be perform'd before the *Equestrian Statue* on *College-Green*, or before a statue of that *hero*, or in a temple dedicated to his worship in some other publick place, *for which I shall give my reasons; when call'd upon, or requir'd so to do.*

But to return to my *scheme*.

There being a great scarcity of timber, for many uses in this kingdom, notwithstanding the several good laws to enforce the planting timber-trees; I would propose, that the inferior *c——y, cu——s, parish c——ks*, and *sextons*, might be oblig'd to spend the week-days in digging, planting, and fencing in the ground near the temples or churches; (in which work they may follow Mr Lawrence's directions, till better can be had,) the *Bishops* may supervise them, and the *Archbishops* make triennial visitations, to see that they are always regularly conducted; for which services they should all continue on their present establishment.

Was this *scheme* carried into execution, what a noble simplicity of manners, and generous disdain of an unmanly complaisance to ill men in power; would soon shine out in that learned body, and by consequence descend to their inferiors; so that within the compass of a few years, the most malicious

cious tongue would not be able to tax them with *ambition, pride, luxury, superciliousness, covetousness*, or any other mean arts to ingratiate themselves with great men, their misses, or valets; which evil reports are too commonly propagated by the wicked part of the *laity* at present; though I confess they are all groundless, for ought I can see, and as I have heard credible persons of that learned body say.

Till this desir'd reformation is accomplish'd, I am humbly of opinion, that the *clergy* may be permitted, during their attending the levees of the great, to wear such *lay habits* as they please; which might, perhaps, give them an opportunity of making their court with better success, and in some measure of escaping the eyes of the malicious and censorious, in case it should be necessary to compliment a great man with their company over a bottle at an unreasonable hour; and notwithstanding the ingenious Mr Dryden's motto in his *Spanish Friar*, I am of opinion, that a red coat and cockade countenances vice better than a black coat and band; at least, this scheme would transfer the scandal to the gentlemen of the blade, and lessen the load which the wicked endeavour now to throw another way.

I think I have now sufficiently made out my proposal; and as the *clergy* would by this scheme be truly useful, no *Layman* would murmur at paying the tithes, or other ecclesiastical dues, (*which under the present management,*) are looked on as a grievous burthen, and as so much most unprofitably thrown away.

Provided always, that the timber-trees so planted shall be for the use of the parish, or union, where planted, and by no means be called or deemed sacred, or to be put only to religious uses; for it is hoped, under the new regulation, there

there will be sufficient laws prepared, to guard against superstition of all kinds; otherwise, one hundred years hence, or perhaps sooner, if the timber so planted should be fit to cut, the *clergy* may tell our posterity, that it is sacrilege to put the said timber to any, save religious uses; that they themselves are the only judges in spiritual matters; so that it may be a crime to believe their senses, or to make use of their reason: This, I say, may happen in a large course of time, should the *clergy* degenerate, or *priestcraft* prevail, which possibly may happen, although we have no reason to complain of it at present.

I shall add one word or two more, which is, that I could wish the new worship diversify'd with songs and dances, which I think would increase the number of votaries, encourage the younger people of both sexes, and warm their devotions, at present very languid; *but this I submit to better judgment*, although if there was occasion, I could quote a royal precedent for this proposal.

In like manner other pieces of ground, two or three miles distant from town, might be enclosed for burying places, and planted about with *cypress*, *yew*, *fir*, *rosemary*, and other strong-scented trees, shrubs, and herbs, unless the more decent custom of burning the dead shall be restored, which perhaps won't be politick, till wood becomes plentier in this kingdom.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *late weavers, &c.* give notice, that besides the several persons mention'd in the prayer of their petition, there will be licences granted to three hundred profess'd beaux, without regard to their *religion*, on this qualification, *viz.* That each beau shall be able to read English distinctly, and write his own name. 'Tis hoped a farther time will be obtain'd for such beaux to qualify, till the first of November next.

And inasmuch as several young converts have been too apt to shew their swords of late, as most children do new bawbles; It is ordered, that a padlock be put on each of their swords for five months, next after the commencement of such licence: we think necessary, therefore, to advertise, that there will be a parcel of very handsome large sword-knots prepared with all convenient speed, to be wore with, and cover the said padlocks.



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REASON

AGAINST

COITION.

A DISCOURSE deliver'd to a
private CONGREGATION.

1 Cor. vii. 1, 27.

—It were good for a MAN not to touch a WOMAN.—Art thou loosed from a WIFE, seek not a WIFE.

Ex infinito ne causam causa sequatur, LUCRET.
Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit. PET. ARB.



ADVERTISEMENT.

TO fix impressions on the minds of *young Men* and *Maids*, to make 'em believe a truth tho' a hard one, and to practise what cannot be done, but by close attention and heroic resolution, *I hereby strictly order, and require, every master of a family, every mother of children, and every guardian, to explain the several paragraphs once at least in a month. That all seminaries and schools be perfectly acquainted with every line, and that the tutor require every pupil to common place on them. And those gentlemen, who have learning and time, are empower'd by me, to comment and write what notes on it they please, provided it be for the benefit of the COMMON-WEAL.*

N. B. IF our inhabitants will not comply with my advice, I know but one method adequate to it, that is, **DOUBLE ENCOURAGEMENT TO PHYSICIANS,**

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

E A R L of * * * *

My LORD,

THE Honour I have to be of your Lordship's family, and the great share I enjoy of your friendship, are motives sufficient to encourage an ordinary dedicator to this freedom. For my part, I should never have had occasion for an *epistle* of this kind, had not your Lordship, and those *learned select Gentlemen* who were my auditors, compell'd me to give it to the world: And how could I refuse those Gentlemen, and your Lordship, who allotted me the subject?

As your Lordship has a just notion of the evil PROCREATION is to this ISLAND, and as you have all your life maintain'd an inviolable *Chastity* out of that principle, your Lordship therefore has a natural right to the following discourse; and as the au-

DEDICATION.

thor has received so many signal favours from your Lordship, you have an undoubted title to all that belongs to him.

THE subject took it's rise from a melancholy conference with your Lordship, and other Gentlemen, on our poor country, in which you deliver'd sentiments on liberty like another CATO. When your Lordship had run thro' it's several degrees, and was compell'd to place HIBERNIA in the lowest, how moving were your reflections! How did you bewail her unhappy sons, excluded employments out of complaisance to our neighbours! on this occasion your Lordship said, with some warmth, with JUVENAL,

—— *Non possum ferre Quirites
Græcam Urbem.* ——

NOR was your Lordship partial to your own countrymen, but placed to their account great part of our *misery*. Sir EDWARD POYNINGS had his share of guilt, tho' you did him the justice

to

DEDICATION.

to own he behav'd dutifully to his master.

WHEN our conversation became more jocular, the *pamphlet* for *eating our children* was mention'd, but your Lordship said accidentally, *It were better entirely to leave off getting 'em.* This thought was highly approv'd, and I was ordered to pursue it in my next family lecture. Immediately. I was supply'd by the company with arguments, hints, and quotations, and I found so many to my purpose, that my Task was not so difficult as I at first imagin'd.

THE manner in which I have handled my discourse, and it's being interspers'd with poetical quotations contrary to the custom of sermons, was your Lordship's particular direction, which to the publick is sufficient excuse.

THE reception it met with from my auditors, did not a little flatter my vanity, especially when your Lordship commanded it's publication, and
order'd

DEDICATION.

order'd Mr Steward to double my annual stipend.

Tho' I am now oblig'd to change my Judges, it would be hard to condemn me when I have been so honourably acquitted already. I must submit to the censure of a very precarious court of judicature, *The Publick*. If they disapprove of my performance, it is of no value to me (except your Lordship) that persons of the greatest *worth, wit, and learning* have thought otherwise.

I am, my LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most obedient

and dutiful Domestick,

STEPHEN M * * *

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REASON against *COITION*.

A
DISCOURSE.

1 Cor. vii. 1, 27.

*It were good for a M A N not to touch a
W O M A N. Art thou loosed from a
W I F E, seek not a W I F E.*



SAINT Paul in this chapter acquaints the *Corinthians*, that tho' he was not commanded to speak on *matri-mony*, yet he imagin'd himself capable to give his advice on so weighty an affair. He does not carry his thoughts with a positive injunction, or strengthen them with a decisive argument. He fairly states both sides of the question, and entirely leaves it to our choice, if we will follow his example, by a state of *CELIBACY*. He has given honour to marriage, as what (in his days) prevented *fornication*, and a fire within; but at the same time he has entail'd perpetual trouble on that state, and seems

seems to have many objections to it, tho' unwilling to make those uneasy who are already in the *bands*.

The *Apostle* having ran thro' the *maiden* and the *married* state of both sexes, proceeds to *widows*, on whom he is very severe, both in this chapter, in his *Epistle to Timothy*, and other places.

In the beginning and end of his discourse on *marriage*, he leans of the side of *virginity* with some force, and dissuades men from imagining it a scandal to be continent, by assuring them their own benefit will be the effect of it; and concludes almost with these words. *Nevertheless, be that standeth stedfast in his heart, having no necessity, but has power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart, that he will keep his virginity, doth well.* And speaking of female virginity, he says, *He that giveth his daughter in marriage doth well, but he that giveth her not, doth better.* In short, this whole discourse of *St PAUL's* abounds with good counsel, and of the utmost importance to us of this *poor miserable* island, which if pursued will effectually prevent the further growth of *vice*, in not raising the instruments of it by the practice, and finally end the *calamity* and *trouble* we labour under, and let it terminate in ourselves. To attain this, I know no method equal to the advice of *St PAUL*, in the words of my text. *It were good for a man not to touch a woman. Art thou loosed from a wife, seek not a wife.*

The former part of my text points out an evil, and the latter a friendly, tho' not an absolute, command to shun it. I shall in the first place shew, *The benefit arising in not touching a woman*, and endeavour to prove that *matrimony* or *fornication*, as the *affairs of this kingdom* stand, are of the utmost prejudice to our peace, and tends to perpetuate *wretchedness on posterity*: And, secondly, I shall make a
few

few reflections on the *Happiness of a cessation of procreation, with the efficacy and power of resolution.*

The benefit arising from not touching a woman, must be obvious to all those who have. Tho' that restless and unruly *something*, imp'anted in the breast of man, may seem to plead in it's favour, yet there is a power lodg'd in the same place superiour to *passions*, whenever it is admitted in our thought. Let *vice*, or what has now obtain'd the specious name of *The dictates of nature*, have all those prevailing charms the most rapturous fancy can give it, yet if *reason* chance to be call'd, she makes a compleat conquest, she drives away all those destructive notions, and brings us back to the man, asham'd of our *folly*. When we neglect her counsel, she abandons us, she gives us over to our future remorse and repentance: And alas! how soon is the perspective turn'd: No more those *delights* are magnified, no more they glow in borrow'd lustre, they sink in our imagination, we are surpris'd at our error, and we blush at our stupidity.

Nothing certainly shews the weakness of a man more than committing those acts he is pre-assur'd must have fatal consequences. It argues an insensibility that the *sage world* must despise him for; they must look on him as a wretch incapable of consulting his own happiness, much less that of others. Were we to trace the inseparable attendants on *incontinency*, it would startle the most notorious offender; were he to consider that all the *miserable* mortals in the world, all the *wickedness* acted in it, all the quarrels in the *field*, or wranglings at the *bar*, are the effects of *coition*: Were he to consider this seriously, he would keep chain'd the monster within, nor set him loose to rage on the earth to the end of it. Had the learned
author

author † *De Origine Mali*, but once thought on the word *coition*, he would not have been at the trouble of so philosophical an enquiry about it; for * *Father MALEBRANCE* could not have said a more convincing truth, than that *Coition is the origin of evil*.

If the benefit of the world be an argument too feeble to curb licentiousness, let the pains of the body be convincive. What is the cause of *Vertigoes*, sudden pains in the *Head*, *Paralytick* disorders, frequent *Hystericks*, *Rheumatism* and *Gout*?

——— *Coition*! for whoever saw an *Eunuch* afflicted with these diseases? Thrice happy species! not only exempt from these maladies, but from children also: Yea, tho' *slaves* yourselves, have not the misfortune to *propagate* them, ye are not in the fear of undutiful children or great grand children; ye sink to earth calm and serene, not with *virulent* and complicated disorders, but by the gentle decay of the *radical moiſſure*. Let therefore the name of *Eunuch* be no more a term of reproach, but an appellative of happiness. Let them be respected as those favour'd by heaven; and tho' we have not the *mighty blessing* to be of the number, let us imitate their example, let us always have them in view, and follow their steps, so shall peace and tranquillity be in our days; which will a little balance the calamities of HIBERNIA.

As chimerical as the doctrine of the *Rosicrucians* is, there are some things in it I am exceedingly pleas'd with. This sect, tho' *enthusiasts* in most of their principles, are wise and knowing in prohibiting the use of *women*. They believe the element's inhabited, and are content to propagate

† Dr William King, late archbishop of Dublin.

* Le Pere Malebrance Recherche de la Verité.

aërial people. They leave these [to us] invisible gentry, and beget with the utmost pleasure *sylphs*, *salamanders*, *gnomes*, and *nymphs*. — O *Rosier*! why are thy mysteries so clouded! why are not we acquainted with this happy way of *conjunction*? and ah! why are we deny'd the bliss of thy useful *help-mates*? what rapturous converse should we have with spouses of *air*? how delightfully would we listen to the matrons of the *sea*? should we not be all attention to ladies of *earth* and *fire*? then, the whole arcana of nature would be set before us: the *literati* and *virtuosi* would have matter sufficient to exercise their wit. No more would they be confounded with a multiplicity of conjectures, and no more would their time be taken up with making difficult, what's plain.

O that we were arriv'd at such a pitch of *sage-ness*, as to be qualified for this unspeakable blessing! but since we are not, let us at least imitate their *continency*, and we shall view none of those objects of misery and compassion, that croud *Hibernia*. We shall see no more *imbecility* and *distempers* in youth, which are the natural effects of *coition*.

If the story of *SAMPSON* be an allegory, it is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful that can be conceived. Tho' he is describ'd as a strong vigorous *fox-hunter*; as a man that carry'd the city gates on his back, and whom none could overcome; yet we find him after a few visits to *Dalilah*, so feeble and weak, that two or three *Philistines* conquer'd him, who before despis'd the whole nation.

Whoever looks back to *ADAM*, and considers all the calamitous consequences that attended his error, will no more imagine the *fatal fruit* to be a *pomegranate* or a *pine-apple*, but the sense to be as figuratively spoken, as when *SOLOMON* says, *I will*

climb up the palm-tree and gather the fruit thereof.
 'Tis plain eating was none of the crime, for we find neither the *palate* or *mouth* of EVE punished; but when we hear *she shall bring forth with pain*, 'tis easy to discover the offending part.

Tho' MILTON, in his famous poem, has given us a description of a kind of enjoyment our first parents tasted, which had no ill consequences, yet he afterwards falls into the rational conjecture, that *cocition* was the *Tree of knowledge*. How beautiful and lovely has he made ADAM and EVE in their state of innocence! How sweet and agreeable is their converse till that unhappy day, EVE unfolded the wisdom she had been taught by the *serpent*; then ADAM glow'd: EVE's eyes darted contagious fire; he seiz'd her hand, and so the business of sin, and propagation of wickedness began. Oh unhappy hour! Oh fatal minute! the earth was witness of the horrid action, and the whole globe trembled, because it was to bear a race of wretched mortals.

MILTON, who, without doubt, perfectly understood the effects of a criminal commerce, allows them no longer time than the next morning to be free from *quarrel*, at which time the severest reproaches are heap'd on each other. After this we find poor ADAM in a most moving soliloquy, bewailing his wretched state.

——— *I deserv'd it, and would bear
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, increase and multiply,
 Now death to bear! for what can I increase,
 Or multiply but curses on my head?*

Every man may be said to be himself an ADAM to have the same power, and the same command

to refrain from the *Tree of knowledge*: And when we exclaim against him in any of our misfortunes

——— *Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam.* ———

let us always remember that our own father must have a great share of the guilt and accusation, and that our children may, in return, curse us for compelling them into a world of calamity. When we, or our issue, meet with some of the snares of women, when we have been betray'd into *sin* and *shame* like ADAM, who can refrain saying with him,

——— *O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n,
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once,
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?* ———

This passionate question of ADAM's, brings to my mind a remarkable passage in that excellent little tract of *Religio Medici*. The learned author says, with a deal of reason. "I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trivial and vulgar way of coition; it is the foolishhest act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will more deject his cool'd imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed."

ADAM
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This is the expression of the famous Dr Brown,
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whose

whose judgment and capacity were of the first rate, and tho' a little whimsical in some of his notions, was allow'd by all, to be a gentleman that examin'd nature, and look'd with a curious eye into the reason of things; and Hippocrates, the Prince of physicians, could not refrain from the same desire, for doubtless they plainly saw that *coition* strain'd and discompos'd the regular œconomy of our *microcosm* to such a degree, that it requir'd more time to bring it to it's former temperature than is generally allow'd it; that by this violence offer'd to *nature*, *life* is forced out and *death* of procur'd; and whoever has read * Mr MAINWARING's treatise of *health, vigour, and long life*, must remember that he says. "*Coition exhausts the strength by effusion of spirits; exsiccates and dries the body, hurts the brain and nerves, causes tremblings, dulls the sight, debilitates all the faculties, hastens old age, and shortens life.*"

That good and pious father, ORIGEN, was so fully convinc'd of the folly, nay labour, of *coition*, that he resolutely ordered, that he might be depriv'd of the means, and afterwards liv'd the glory and ornament of his age. This was an action worthy that holy Saint, and what I earnestly recommend to your imitation.

Since therefore so many *wise, learned, and good men* have exclaimed against our manner of *coition* because it hurts the world, I am surpriz'd to find no one has taken notice of that kind and obliging proposal of PARACELSUS, who undertook † to prescribe a way for the generation of a man without *coition*. Oh blind and besotted age, who neglected or despised an offer so full of love!

* Mr Mainwaring wrote a treatise on Spermatick Conceptions.

† Vide Campanel, de sensu rerum in append. ad. c. 19. l. 4.

full of charity ! what reward could there be sufficient to balance the blessing this *chymical race* must bring into the world ! oh, PARACELsus, who followed too closely the example of ROSICRUCIus, and extinguished an art more beneficial than his ever-burning lamp, because wicked man, conceiv'd thro' the will of the flesh, was unworthy to partake of thy knowledge.

Among the many evident advantages accruing to mankind, *by not touching a woman*, I have not mentioned that one in my text, of being *loosed from a wife* ; though I am apt to believe, I could have numbers to prove it none of the least. It were an entertainment too full of the false notions of the world, to expatiate on the various effects *marriage* hath on different people. In some the whole felicity of it is confin'd within the *curtains* ; while others nauseate the bed, and flee to the more pleasing perusal of the lady's *rent-roll*.

But were I to proceed in this manner, it would look more like a *satire*, than a true and serious discourse ; and were I to satirize their state for ours, I could not do it more fully, and in fewer words, than the first line of the *admonition to matrimony*, hung up in all churches, has already done, *viz. Thou shalt not marry thy grandmother*.

—How deprav'd must mankind be, who have occasion for such a commandment.

Though 'tis my design to wave a particular examination of the many calamities matrimony is generally attended with ; yet, my brethren, I beg leave to remind ye once more of St PAUL's advice, *Art thou loosed from a wife, seek not a wife* ; and SOLOMON, who must be allowed to have had a tolerable experience in the fair sex, assures us,
* *It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top,*

C 3

than

than with a brawling woman, and in a wide house; and in another place, alluding to women, he asks, * *Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his cloaths not be burnt?* So that we see, by this beautiful figure, the opinion the wisest of men had of that sex.

But to proceed. Who among us have found so many charms in life, that they should desire to impose it on others? How many days, how many years of *anguish* have the most felicitous of us undergone? Have we not often, on a frown of fortune, wish'd we had never been? Have we not call'd on *the hills to cover us, and the mountains to hide us*, from sickness or poverty? Alas! What are all our boasted blessings in this world, and what are all the pleasures we enjoy in it! a meer empty sound, a sportive vision of *delusive forms*. We dream of *delight*, and we awaken into *pain*; we grasp at *beauty*, and find a MEDUSA in our arms. Oh world! DISAPPOINTMENT is thy name.

It has been said with a deal of truth, that if we could have bills of *private calamity*, as well as bills of *mortality*, the terrors of the *grave* would be but a slight concern. Were we to examine a burial-place, and see the innumerable *memento's* of "*He lived, and died,*" and immediately reflect, that he lived so long in a valley of tears, with *sorrow* and *disquiet*, for his perpetual companions; we should not look with that *horror* on *death*, but on the real misery of those brought into life. Oh! that we could be persuaded, that we could be so charitable to the infants, yet unbegotten, as to let misery terminate in ourselves, and not propagate it to futurity.

The

The many chronic diseases incident to particular families, descending hereditarily through centuries, ought to be another bar to stop coition.

* “ *Man* derives from his *parents* by a *seminal propagation*, and *inherits* the *diseases* of their vicious deprav’d natures, *radicated* in him: To which, his own *enormous* acts being added, do *multiply* and heighten the corruption of his *nature*: Hence the succeeding generations become more *degenerated, infirm, diseased*, and consequently of *shorter* duration than the other.”

Certainly this must be a truth, since even the features of a face have commonly a likeness of the *fires*; and some great families are famous for it in history, as the *AUSTRIAN lip*, the *chin* of the house of *BAVARIA*, with many others of less note.

Were the miseries of men no sufficient motive to prevent their being propagated, the many pieces of *deformity* either in *body* or *mind*, that we so frequently meet with, liable to be the contempt and laughing-stock of the world, while they are in it, would sway our *reason*. For every man that has had a child, can say with Sir *SAMPSON*, in the comedy, “ *Body-o’ me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated.*”

Deformities of what kind soever may, and generally do, descend to children, nay often increase in them. It was from this opinion that *QUINTUS CURTIUS* tells us, of many well-governed common-wealths, that “ if they found their children crooked, or deformed in body, they made ’em away.” And the famous *HECTOR BOETIUS* assures us, that heretofore in Scotland, “ If any were visited, with the falling-sickness, madness, gout, leprosy, or any such dangerous disease, which

“ which was likely to be propagated from the father to the son, he was instantly castrated, a woman kept from all company of men ; and if, by chance, having some such disease, she were found to be with child, she with her brood, were buried alive.” Such were the wholesome laws of the wise antients, and such the rigorous execution of them.

Old FERNELIUS, in my judgment, says, with much truth and reason. “ *It is the greatest part of our felicity to be well-born, and it were happy for human kind, if only such as are sound in body and mind, should be suffer’d to marry.*” I wish he had gone a little farther, and said, or suffered to have children. Likewise the great PLUTARCH says, *Ebrii gignunt Ebrios, One drunkard begets another.* If so, it follows, that every man accustomed to any particular vice, as well as drunkenness, will as consequently entail it on his children. LEVINUS LEMNIUS assures us, by experience, that, “ *Old men beget peevish, sad, melancholy sons, and seldom merry.*” And CARDAN imagines, that “ *He that begets a child on a full stomach, the infant will be sickly, or crazed.*”

Thus could I continue to quote numberless authors, as well antient as modern, sacred as prophane, that give us glaring proofs of the truth of propagated maladies, both in body and mind, and whoever examines the *Athenian Oracle*, or the *Philosophical Transactions*, may find instances enough of the veracity of it.

To him who is guilty of coition, I shall say with HORACE, * “ *You are entring into a most dangerous*”

* Periculosa plenum opus aleæ
Tractas, & incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

LIB. II. Od. 1.

" rous quarry, and you walk on fire cover'd with
 " ashes." Misery lurks under it, and remorse
 must follow. Is it not a little surprizing, that
 men will not beget children in a state of body,
 that may a little compensate for the unavoidable
 miseries in life, but they must also send them into
 the world replete with *distempers*, that render them
 a nuisance to themselves, or give them *deformities*,
 that make them a nuisance to others? We are all
 careful to breed our *bulls*, our *horses*, or our *dogs*,
 from their species, the most strong or beautiful,
 but let our own procreate by chance: We blend
 different *souls*, and different *ages* together; we
 mix *heterogeneous* parts, and multiply a medley of
deformity.

If we needs must propagate, let us do it with
 care and caution, and never neglect the offspring
 though it be born in *Hibernia*, tho' it be nurtur'd
 in a land of *calamity* and *want*, let us cherish it,
 and make it's misery more tolerable, let us avoid
 barbarity, let us not kill our children for food for
 our task-masters, as was formerly proposed for an
expedient to evade their certain calamity in life.
 This was a scheme so savage, that I do not wonder
 it's not being complied with, though it would have
 answered the end most effectually.

O PATRIA! O HIBERNIA! who can prepare an
amulet to prevent thy misfortunes, and who can
 form a *Talismans* to procure thee success! * *How is*
the gold become dim! How is the most fine gold
changed? How are thy sons degenerated from the
 nobleness of their ancestors! How are they sunk
 from their antient magnanimity, to the lowest
 state of contempt and obscurity! Why has *God-like*
liberty abandon'd thy children, and whither? O
 whither

* Lamentations iv. 1.

whither has she taken sanctuary? Who among us can charm the fugitive to a return, and who can allure her into her once favourite *land*? But well may she fly this *earth*, when it's own sons flee from it. Return therefore, return, O ye children of *Hibernia*! Return into the arms of a tender mother, bending under the weight of *age* and *misery*. Return and support her *feebleness* and *distress*! Be not *apostates* to your country, and let not history have this monstrous novelty to recite. Let her sighs melt ye, and her tears compel ye to her succour! Fly with the wings of duty and gratitude to her relief; if she be in misery, blush to own yourselves the first cause of it, but return speedily and repent.

If *want*, *calamity*, *shame*, and *oppression*, are common and familiar to this unhappy country, our *love* to it ought to increase the more. Who can hear of it's antient grandeur, and not wonder at it's fall! but all sublunary things have their time of rising, and their time of setting. Nature grows to *strength*, and sinks down to *age*. Most nations have had their periods of *glory*: Greece, Palestine, and Egypt, have in their turns been as *great*, and now are as *desolate* as Hibernia. As this nation once distinguish'd by the pompous title of *Isle of Saints*, from the many holy and eminent men it produc'd; as this kingdom whom all the learned in Europe once revered as the school of wisdom, and seat of knowledge; as this kingdom so applauded in history for their * hospitality, that no nation

* One of the histories of Ireland tells us, " All the Lords
 " and great men made interest to be appointed an *entertainer*.
 " An *entertainer* was obliged to have four ways to his house,
 " to have always a *beef* and a *mutton* ready roasted; a tub
 " of *butter*, a barrel of *beer*, and plenty of *bread* in the hall,
 " for

nation could equal them : so admir'd for those few laws remaining, that a British *Parliament* need not have been asham'd to have produc'd them.

When we look into these things, and begin to draw comparisons between the past and the present, how must our minds be agitated ! When we behold it's ruins, let them endear us to it the more ; let us cry out with the *captive*, in the *Psalms* cii. †

Oh ! Sion ever lov'd, and ever dear !
Great in thy ruins, in thy ashes fair !
How shall I speak ? What language can express,
My quick, my tender sense of thy distress ?
Not Babylon in all her pride shall be,
So fam'd for beauty, or belov'd like thee ;
Not tho' she boasts her mighty triumphs past,
Not tho' she reigns the mistress of the East ;
Should her vast walls to distant ages stand,
To shew the greatness of the builder's hand ;
Tho' high in air her hanging gardens rise,
And spread their wond'rous verdure in the skies ;
Ev'n then thy ruins, nay thy stones shall be
A lovelier, sweeter paradise to me.

Look down, great God ! for ever good and
just,

Look down, and see thy Sion in the dust !
On her lost state thy happy influence shed,
Kindly forgive and raise her drooping head :
Converted millions will the deed approve,
Whilst kneeling crowds shall wonder at thy love,
Struck with the sight our heathen foes shall stand,
And trembling, dread the thunder of thy hand ;
Ev'n

for the entertainment of every traveller ; all which was given *gratis*, and with an hearty welcome."

† Paraphras'd by the Rev. Mr DANIEL, Dean of Ard-magh.

Ev'n haughty Babylon shall vaunt no more,
 But quit her pride, grow humble and adore :
 Our songs the wond'rous story shall record,
 And nations yet unborn confess the *Lord*.

This is a thought I could indulge with pleasure ; this is a theme I could for ever dwell on, were it in effect more than erecting *aërial palaces*, or had it a being in any other place than my own imagination.—But Heaven's will be done.

It is not my business, neither am I capacitated exactly to point out the different channels prosperity takes to run from this kingdom, or those flood-gates whence enter poverty ; but this I can say, and this I am assured of, that envious neighbours and our barbarous selves, have each a sufficient share of one and the other. Our chain is too long, and we prudently shorten the links. Our neighbours have not riches enough, but we out of pure good nature and compassion give them all our own ; in return of which, we are deservedly despised by those very people we are so extraordinarily obliging to.

Had we liv'd in an age more addicted to superstition, the PHILOMATHS would have laid our ruin on the malignity of the STARS. Evil conjunctions of the planets, would have shed evil on us, and no doubt it were then madness to expect, nay even wish, a reverse of fortune, till these curious gentlemen had told us the stars were in a better mood. But we of this age laugh at these fooleries. We know the causes of our misery, without consulting the *occult sciences* ; and whoever will examine the volumes on the subject, must be convinced of, and converted to, the *true interest of their country*. The solid arguments, and undeniable proofs of our poverty, are fully shewn in the writings of Mr MOLYNEUX, Dean SWIFT,

MR BROWN, and MR PRIOR; these names so respected and beloved by Hibernia. To these therefore I refer the world, and doubt not but even our enemies will sigh at our lot, with this ejaculation;

*Poor floating isle! toss'd on ill-fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by Fate to be the land of slaves.
Shall moving Delos now, deep rooted, stand,
Thou fixt of old, be now the moving land!*

Alas poor Hibernia! and that thou art poor, every thing about thee is a plain indication. The musical instruments of thy natives, speak the natural turn of their minds. Their TUNES, that were wont to make glad the hearts of the hearers, and animate the souls of heroes, by their sharp and sprightly turns, are now fallen into the flat and languishing, and can only give birth to sighs and tears. All their airs are lamentations, all their delights are sorrowful and complaining, and their recitative hath but a somniferous influence. How is it possible they can sing with cheerfulness, when Hibernia their country, like unhappy JERUSALEM, has foes without, and enemies within. How can they raise themselves to life, when she is continually assassinated? And how can she exalt her head when the club of ENVY, and the sword of INGRATITUDE, knocks down and stabs all her industry.

This is a long, tho' necessary digression, and what I must be forgiven, since my whole discourse is calculated for the climate of Ireland.

I shall now proceed to make a few reflections on the possibility of a cessation of procreation, and the efficacy and power of resolution.

If the arguments of our patriots, or the silent rhetoric of miserable inhabitants, have no weight with our foreign or domestic enemies: if one has

lost all sense of pity and compassion, and the other cast off all humanity and gratitude? If no intervening power can give happier times, let me repeat to you what I said before, and resolve to have so much resolution to let all calamity end in ourselves, by refraining from propagating children, that inevitably must feel it

The passions of men, are like so many standard-bearers, around which, innumerable evils are set in array against our peace and tranquillity, and nothing but resolution can defeat them.

Resolution is the strongest faculty of the *soul*; it raises us to something above ourselves, and gives us principles according to the force of the object. Neither time, nor distance, nor power, can alter resolution. It despises danger, makes a mock of toil, laughs at fatigue, and is a kind of FATE. In short, as it is the strongest faculty, so would it be the greatest, were it not too liable to fall into *obstinacy*. A virtuous resolution is the glory of a man, but a vicious one has shame and dishonour. This, like all the attendance on our nature, must be guided by reason, or we certainly take a wrong byass.

Resolution, in the case I propose, must be allowed by every man to have reason for it's guide; and to make it still the plainer, I shall prove it by a *syllogism*.

REASON constantly directs us to HAPPINESS.
COITION brings us to all the CALAMITIES of life.
Therefore COITION cannot be guided by REASON.

No man will deny the *major* in temporal things (tho' in religion he may) except he makes a distinction between good and bad reason; but I ac
coun

count it no reason when accompany'd with prejudice, or dishonourable views.

The *minor* has been already prov'd, and every man has arguments sufficient to demonstrate it to himself, so that the *conclusion* must infallibly be *orthodox*.

'This is a plain and easy truth; and there is nothing requisite to avoid copulation but resolution. Shall we therefore want this? This! that will lead us to happiness, and defend us from misery.

Man, devoid of resolution, has been elegantly compared to a frontier town; often in the possession of contrary parties, often changing it's master, never in a *state of stability*, always unsettled, and always wavering; now satisfied with his present government, and immediately opening it's arms to receive another. Our actions are done but in part, for the alteration of our resolves cuts us off from the remainder. It is vice, whose rise is fear. It never inhabits the brave, but is a constant attendant on weak minds. It was this vice that lost RICHARD CROMWELL a *kingdom*, and it was resolution that gain'd our *immortal deliverer* a CROWN. It was resolution that made SOCRATES and Sir THOMAS MORE, despise the fears of death; for we all know it the best comforter in time of affliction; if so, we of this *kingdom* have need of it's utmost force.

History is recent with examples of the power of *resolution*: the imminent danger that attended those *patriots*, that brought in the bill for excluding the Duke of York, could not prevent their struggling for it, since the *liberty* of their country was nigh being subverted. And in later times, the *glory* and *honour* of the *British nation* formed the *resolves* of the great Marlborough.

How far has *resolution* carried us, when *malice*, or *revenge*, or *envy* prompted us on? Have we not

often hurt ourselves with pleasure, when by it we could annoy our foe? Have we not *resolved* to be miserable ourselves, on purpose to plunge our enemy into a parallel state? But I should set myself too voluminous a task, even to mention the many signal actions that will shine through ages, and the many wicked ones atchiev'd by the power of *resolution*. It would tire even a *Barrister-at-law*, to repeat the names of those who ventur'd, and have lost their lives, by this noble principle; and shall we not have so much as to conquer a little silly passion to *women*? Be free from *women*, and you're free from care, is an axiom, that has no need of a comment; and shall *man*, the Lord of the *universe*, be subdued by that trifling *sex*? A sex, notorious for their *pride* and *affectation*; recorded for their *vanity* and *self-opinion*; and distinguished for the fomenters of *mischief*! A sex, as difficult to be discover'd as the *North-East passage*! The generality of *women* are formed of such a medley of principles, either in their *minds*, or in their dress, that they quite efface their natural structure; so that *Ovid* said with truth,

— Pars minima est ipsa puella fui.

*The girl so trick'd herself with art,
That of herself she was least part.*

But were I to grant, that the female sex are entirely faultless, that they are all *prudent*, *virtuous*, and *good-humoured*, yet this could be no plea in favour of *procreation*; their bearing children, is cause sufficient for men to fly from them; their bringing into life an *infant*, who must undergo the anxieties of it, let him be placed in ever so happy a state; their compelling into the world a *body*, whose *soul* is to be accountable for it's actions,

and

and giving it a *being* in an age of *immoralities* and *atheism*, which it is scarce possible to avoid falling into: This, I say, should make us startle at the thoughts of *women*; should rouse us up to *resolution*, and make us cry out with the man in *TERENCE*.

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres:

From this moment I erase all women from my thoughts.

And *à propos* to this, says that wise traveller Mr GULLIVER, "When I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the *Yaboo* species, I became a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame; confusion, and horror." By the breath we enjoy, we know the unhappiness of it in others: We know how true it is, That * *man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery: He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.*

Say, you that have heard the plaintive groans, and seen the fountain of tears poor tender desponding parents send forth at the loss of a *child*: You that have seen their tortures when he is *ruined*, has been ungrateful to their *care*, or disappointed their *hopes*: You that have seen (what's frequent in this kingdom) aged *parents* incapacitated to relieve either their own, or the wants of their offspring, sighing in private, bewailing their wretched condition, and wishing for an *earthquake* to snatch them from *starving*: Say, you that have seen these things (as who has not?) if ye have desired to be

D 3

that

* Burial of the dead.

that *father*, or that *mother*, in any of these cases? Say, if ye have not in your hearts thanked bounteous *providence*, that though, perhaps, you yourselves are *wretched*, ye have not been instrumental to make others so.

Such reflections as these made that great philosopher THALES, abstain from *women*; for he saw that SOLON, as wise as he was, could not forbear rending his garments, and tearing his hair, when he was told his son was dead; and SOCRATES, though he did marry, did it for a reason few of us have occasion for, which was, as he himself tells us, *To exercise his philosophical patience*: As this man was accounted the wisest on earth, he no doubt would have taken another method to try his temper, had he known of one so capable of it.

Men are generally too liable to think much of themselves, and to stamp too great a value on what belongs to them, to need being pressed to do it more; yet such is the *bizarre*, and whimsical turn of man, that whilst he vaunts his being *lord* over the *female sex*, he is chain'd to a voluntary subjection, by a *poultry girl*. It shocks and surprises me, to see the many mean-spirited *arts* men practise; what a number of little grovelling *shapes*, and servile frames of *countenance* they put on; how readily they fly to that base refuge *lying*; and with what eagerness they practise an hundred *stratagems* and *devices*, all to obtain what a wise man would tremble at receiving, as knowing the violence he should commit on his own *body*, and rightly understanding that * *Her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword: Her feet go down to death: Her steps take hold on hell*. He (as St Paul says) *that hath power over his own*
will,

* Prov. v. 4, 5.

will, and is stedfast in his heart, will never be guilty of the folly I am speaking of: And is it not scandalous to want power over one's self? Does it not destroy the *dignity* we so much boast of? Yes, surely; and that by as much as it *lessens* and *degrades* our nature.

I doubt not, but all our *young sparks*, that practise what they call *gallantry*, will be as unmerciful to me as the *surgeons*. Methinks I already hear a *smart blade* fall on me for attacking his darling diversion. *What! must we be forbidden to love! What employment can we find in the world, if we lose this? Does not this fellow argue against reason? Sure, he would not have the world at an end? Why truly, for what good we do in it, it were almost to be wish'd, it had ended before we were made a part. And as to love, I am afraid we shall find lust often, if not always, mistaken for it.*

Love and lust are as opposite as love and hatred, though there's but a slight barrier between either. He that loves (as the word is now understood) is within one degree of hatred, and half an one of lust. This is a most surprizing thesis, and accounted for only by it's constant operations. The Poles are not more distant from each other, than are the express meaning of love and lust; but in the action they fall under the same line. In a word, they are far from being incompatible: Virtue, therefore, in the strictest sense, must hold the ballance: She must act the part of Great Britain, and keep love and lust as far divided as the popish powers, or inevitable ruin follows. But, alas! who is blessed with her influence? We shun her, we condemn her, we spurn her from us, and take to our arms that painted strumpet vice. A French author of humour says on this head, That love and lust are both painted naked, but for very different

ferent reasons; the one, because she is not *asham'd* of being so; but the other, to warn her votaries, that she leaves them not wherewithal to buy themselves a *shirt*. *Shakespear* has given us a beautiful description of *lust*, and an exact pourtraiture of *virtue*.

*But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
So lust, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.*

This shews the one is a *spirit*, *fierce* and *savage*; but the other an *inclination*, *modest* and *temperate*. In these our days, we have not a name for that *love*, in which our grosser parts have no share. *Coition* and *love* are now one and the same; and it would carry the face of a romantick *quixotism*, to say, *I love, but have no desire to enjoy*. It would be ridiculous to the last degree; and he would be a subject for eternal laughter among the small wits, that would dare to say like the *hero* in *Dryden*.

*We lov'd without transgressing virtue's bounds;
We fix'd the limits of our tenderest thoughts;
Came to the verge of honour—but there stopp'd.
If this be sin, angels must love with more,
And mingle rays of minds less pure than ours.
Our souls enjoy'd: But to their holy feast
Bodies on both sides were forbidden guests.*

The union of *souls* is a noble enjoyment, and worthy the human nature; but there is something so gross (were it followed by no bad consequences) in the co-mixture of bodies, that shocks a reasonable creature.

I am

I am not ignorant of the commendation *David* has given to the propagation of children, by *bleſſing the man that bath his quiver full of them*; but would *David* have ſaid this, had he liv'd to behold his *whole nation in chains*? Or did he *bleſs* himſelf for having *Absalom* for his ſon? No, certainly: *David* could not bear one without the moſt paſſionate complaint; and, in all likelihood, the other would be leſs tolerable.

The maxim of ſome of the *Aſiaticks* is very well calculated for the ſervile tempers of the *people*, and the tyrannical will of their *princes*; for they believe it *the greateſt glory to get a child, or plant a tree*. By this prevalent notion, the whole country is ſtock'd with mortals, and *ſlaves* increaſe in a decimal proportion. If *Hibernia* be in a ſtate of *ſervitude and bondage*, let her diſcourage this pernicious maxim; if ſhe be not, let her follow it. If I ſuppoſe her the latter, there is no need to give her rules for her conduct; but if the former, the beſt preſcription is *reſolution*; for not love, but

Fortitudo omnia vincit.

And as *Lewis Cornaro* ſays of *ſobriety*, ſo ſay I of a virtuous *reſolution*: 'Tis a divine inclination, agreeable to God, a friend of nature, the daughter of reaſon, mother of all virtues, and companion of chaſtity.

Let us, my brethren, ſtand reſolv'd; let us join unanimouſly to expel *coition*, and drive out *propagation*. Since *life* was given to us as a *bleſſing*, and a reaſonable ſoul to procure us *happineſs*; but ſince the practice of the *world* in general, and the ſtate of *Hibernia* in particular, fully perſuade us there are no ſuch things as *happineſs* and *bleſſings* on earth, conſequently the very foundation and

eaſon.

reason of life is destroy'd, since the motives of it are so? Why therefore should we *propagate*, when the end cannot be obtained? 'Tis true, we may get children, but they must be children of misery; for how can we insure them from it, when we ourselves are plunged in it's abyss. In a word, 'tis a crime of a deeper dye, than involving whole innocent families in ruin. Let us, therefore, O ye inhabitants of *Hibernia*! let us take to our arms that *chaste* and *holy* matron *Celibacy*: She is our *comforter*, she is our *hope*; in her let us confide, and she will not abuse the favour. Let us, as a sign of our conversion, revere *antient virginity* in both sexes; let us adore a *prude*, and worship an *old bachelor*: But above all, let us resolutely follow their steps; and if we are not happy then, we shall at least live peaceably in this world of *bustle* and *confusion*.

Lift up your eyes, and behold the *folly* of this *world**! Where the memory is clouded with black ideas of the *past*, the imagination overlooks the *present* ills, and the understanding, through mercy, is blinded to the *future*; where anxiety of thought damps *sensual pleasure*; and *sensual pleasure* increases anxiety of thought; and both impairs our *strength*, to support it; where *pleasure* often exacts such hardships from her votaries, that *manual labour* is diversion to it: *Sorrow* is as the stem and root of life; *joy* but as it's flower, expected at remote seasons only, then often blasted. *Pains* assault us, *delusions* surround us; and *terrors*, like the slight-supported sword, hang over us. We must behold the world like the man in *LUCIAN*, and see *pestilence*, *famine*, *diseases*, *strife*, and

* Some of these thoughts are extracted from Dr YOUNG'S *Estimate of human life*.

and innumerable *plagues* over mens heads, which they continually pull down on themselves; and while we pity others, are in the like case ourselves. *Evils* are so common, that we cannot make way from our doers, but through the cries of *indigence* and *distemper*: Our *nights* are as an idle dream; and our *days* worse, because they bring more sorrow along with them. Every man is a *judge*, a *witness*, and a *patient* of *affliction*, ever telling sad *tales* of others, till we become a *tale* ourselves; the tale of a day! and then are utterly forgotten. We are *born* with *pain*, and *die* with *amazement*. *Life* is the slave of misery; and yet, (strange!) *death* is the king of terrors. *I was happy*, some of us may say; *I shall be happy*, we all say; but, *I am happy*, none. *Happiness* is the butt of all; but our shafts, like king *ACESTES*'s, never hit the mark, but are lost in a *vapour*. O heavens! what is this world! Is there a recompensing quality on this *earth*? Is there *pleasure* and *satisfaction* in it able to counterpoise any branch of *evil*? Our *joys* are for *moments*; our *pains* are for *years*. *Vice* is a wide open gulph, *virtue* an hill of ice: *friendship* is a name, *love* an empty sound; but *hatred* and *envy* are (by their effects) substances; and substances that never alter their property, but are in a constant series of *malice*. *Paternal affection* is cooled by *filial impiety*; and *filial impiety* is generally repaid by the like punishment. In a word, from the most *exalted state*, to the most *diminutive*, from *riches* and *honour*, to *poverty* and *contempt*, in all conditions, and in all kinds of *fortune*, man is not only liable, but sure to meet *sorrow* and vexation of spirit, at almost every step he takes. Why then, O ye sons of worldly wisdom! tell me, why should we *propagate calamity*? why should we join to beget *misery*? will the lump of *earth* thank us for it's *being*? is it he-

roick

roick to take advantage of the weak and innocent, when we ourselves have said, * *Let that day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived?* And JEREMIAH hath not only said the same words †, but says with a deal of vehemence, ‡ *Wherefore came I out of the womb to see labour and sorrow, that my days should be consumed with shame.* From a thorough sense of this, the son of SIRAC also says, || *Wherefore I praised the dead, which are already dead, more than the living, which are yet alive; yea, better is he than both they, who hath not yet been.*

Indeed we have one happiness, and one only, which is *death*. He is called a tyrant; but, in my opinion, he is full of lenity and compassion, as he relieves us from this thorny bed with a couch of rest and quietness. We all know the truth of what PLOTINUS tells us, *That God was moved, meerly by his mercy, to give our souls only mortal chains.*

The world has been called a *stage*, where every man acts his part: But, in my opinion, it may with more propriety be termed a *masquerade*; because we are obliged to disguise our real sentiments, to make us more conformable to the vitiated taste of the generality. If our *tongues* correspond with our *hearts*, men will avoid our company, because their faults will not be complimented; and if the *heart* and *tongue* do not agree, we must certainly have a very mean opinion of ourselves, if we have the least notion of *honesty*; nevertheless, 'tis so necessary in life, that it is become an *art*. He that can make his
countenance

* Job iii. 3.
|| Eccclus iv. 2. 3.

† Jer. xx. 14.

‡ Ibid. xx. 18.

countenance applaud an object, though his heart despises it, is what is called a *well-bred man*, a *polite man*, a *man that knows the world*. This conduct is absolutely needful, though a generous soul must be pain'd in the commission of it. Who therefore desires to be in the world, when our *actions* must be diametrically opposite to the dictates of an *honest conscience*?

Let us, my brethren, act as become men; as men who can ourselves bear the follies and misfortunes of the world; but have more *honour*, than to impose it on our *issue*. Let us, O ye sons and daughters of the land, unanimously resolve to avoid each other! Let us flee from the opposite sex, as from a pest! Let us no more be accessory to the crimes and calamities of infants, but bravely resolve to cease their *propagation*! This is the only *catholicon* for *Hibernia*! This is the only sovereign and universal remedy to prevent the miseries of those little creatures not yet formed! And for those poor, wretched, and unfortunate children already born, or begot in *Hibernia*, we have only sincerely to repent of the irreparable injury done them, and pray for their *dissolution* before they have a sense of their unhappy case.

On what has been said, I shall apply the words of a very ingenious gentleman, * *The whole sum of our interest lies on the side of virtue, publick-spirit, and honour: That to forfeit these pleasures, in whole, or in part, for any other enjoyment, is the most foolish bargain; and, on the contrary, to secure them with the sacrifice of all others, is the truest gain.* If I have not vindicated and espoused the cause

E of

* Mr HUTCHESON, in his *Essay on the Passions*.

of *virtue*, even to a nicety not very common ; if I have not mentioned, for our imitation, the greatest publick spirit, and strove to preserve the honour and dignity of my country, by a method never thought on before ; I have missed what I really design'd, and beg pardon of my little audience, for leading them out of the way.

Thus have I endeavour'd to trace *coition* through it's labyrinths ; I have pursued it through it's various disguises ; and, though it's ways are very dark and intricate, I have made the rays of light shine so clearly on it, that the *cameleon* is detected. All it's gaudy colours, and spurious beauties, are given it by a *fancy* loose, and unexperienced of the poison of the *Syren* ; and *fancy*, is but a term for the judgment of a *fool*. Whoever, therefore, that examines this discourse impartially, will be firmly of opinion, *That reason is against coition*.

I hope there is no occasion of a defence ; for what I have said, I think, is self-evident. The arguments I have made use of, are not maintain'd with an *Ipse dixit* ; for I have given those convincing reasons for what I have advanced, that 'tis impossible to deny my *hypothesis* : Therefore, my brethren, let us either agree to this *method* of an entire cessation of *procreation*, or chuse ye this day *another*, that may answer the end proposed.

Now to him who can turn the hearts of the disobedient, to the wisdom of the just ; to him who can fix our resolutions, and strengthen our minds, be all honour, now and for ever.



The NATURAL
HISTORY
OF THE
ARBOR VITÆ,
OR,
TREE of LIFE.

*Nec minùs ARBORIBUS fucci genitabilis humor
Sufficitur.* BUCHAN. Psal. civ.



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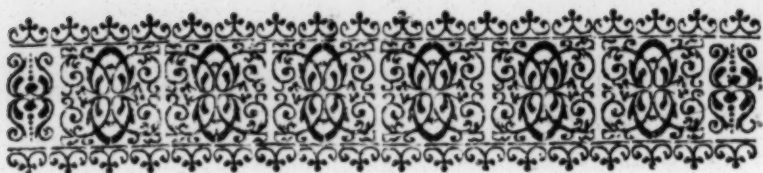
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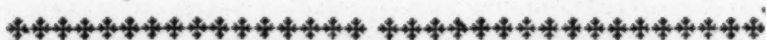
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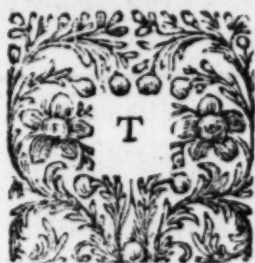
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The NATURAL
HISTORY
OF THE
ARBOR VITÆ,
OR,
Tree of LIFE.



The DESCRIPTION and PLACE.



THE *tree of life* is a succulent plant, consisting of one only straight stem, on the top of which is a *pistillum*, or *apex*, at sometimes *glandiform*, and resembling a *May cherry*, tho' at others more like the *nut* of the *avellana*, or *filbird-tree*.

It's fruits, contrary to most others, grow near the root; they are usually no more than two in number, their bigness somewhat exceeding that of an ordinary *nutmeg*; both contain'd in one strong *siliqua*, or purse, which, together with the whole

root of the plant, is commonly thick set with numerous *fibrillæ*, or *capillary tendrils*.

The tree is of slow growth, and requires time to bring it to perfection, rarely seeding to any purpose before the fifteenth year; when the fruits coming to good maturity, yield a viscous juice, or balmy *succus*, which being from time to time discharg'd at the *pistillum*, is mostly bestow'd upon the open *calyx*'s of the *frutex vulvaria*, or *flow'ring shrub*, usually spreading under the shade of this tree, and whose parts are, by a wonderful mechanism, adapted to receive it. The ingenious Mr Richard Bradley is of opinion, the *frutex* is hereby impregnated, and then first begins to bear; he therefore accounts this *succus* the *farina sæcundans* of the plant; and the learned Leonhard Fucksius, in his *Historia Stirpium insigniorum*, observes the greatest sympathy between this tree and shrub; *They are*, says he, *of the same genus, and do best in the same bed; the vulvaria itself being indeed no other than a female Arbor Vitæ*.

It is produced in most countries, though it thrives more in some than others, where it also increases to a larger size; the height here in England rarely passes nine, or, at the most, eleven inches, and that chiefly in Kent: Whereas in Ireland it comes to far greater dimensions, is so good, that many of the natives entirely subsist upon it, and when transplanted, have been sometimes known to raise good houses with single plants of this sort.

As the Irish soil is accounted the best, others are as remarkably bad for it's cultivation; and the least and worst in the world are said to be about Harborough and the Forest of Sherard.

The stem seems to be of the *sensitive* tribe, tho' herein differing from the more common *sensitives*, that whereas they are known to shrink and retire from even the gentlest touch of a Lady's hand, this
rises

rises on the contrary, and extends itself, when it is so handled.

In winter it is not easy to *raise* these trees without a hot bed, but in warmer weather they *stand well* in the open air.

In the latter season they are subject to become weak and flaccid, and want support; for which purpose some gardeners have thought of splintering them up with *birchen twigs*, which has seem'd of some service for the present, tho' the plants have very soon come to the same, or a more drooping state than before.

The late ingenious Mr Motteux thought of restoring a fine plant he had in this condition, by tying it up with a *tomex*, or cord made of the bark of the *vitex* or *hempen-tree*; but whether he made the ligature too freight, or that the nature of the *vitex* is really in itself pernicious, he quite kill'd his plant thereby; which makes this universally condemned as a dangerous experiment.

Some *virtuosi* have thought of improving their trees for some purposes, by taking off the *nutmegs*, which is however a bad way; they never *seed* after, and are good for little more than making whistles of, which are imported every year from Italy, and sell indeed at a good price.

Some other curious gentlemen have endeavour'd to inoculate their plants on the stock of the *medlar*, and that with a manure of *human ordure*; but this has never been approv'd, and I have known some trees brought to a *very ill end* by such management.

The natural soil is certainly the best for their propagation, and that is in hollow places, that are warm, and near salt water, best known by their producing the same sort of *tendrils* as are observ'd about the roots of the *Arbor* itself. Some cautions, however, are very necessary, especially to
young

young *botanists*; and first to be very diligent in keeping their trees clean and neat, a pernicious sort of insect, not unlike a *morpion*, or *cimex*, being very subject to breed amongst the *fibrillæ*, which, if not taken heed of, and timely destroy'd, proves often of very dangerous consequence.

Another caution no less useful, we have from that excellent and judicious botanist Mr H——ry B——n, to beware of a poisonous species of *vul. varia*, too often mistaken for the wholesome one, and which, if suffer'd too near our trees, will very greatly endanger their well-being. He tells us in the 12th volume of his large abridgment of La Quintinye, that before he had acquir'd his present judgment and experience, some of his plants have often been sufferers through this mistake, and he has seen a tall thriving tree, by the contact only of this venomous shrub, become *porose*, *scabiose*, and cover'd with *fungous excrescences*. not unlike the fruits of the *ficus sylvestris*; in which case the *sucus* also has lost both it's colour and virtue; and the tree itself has so much partaken of the nature of the venomous shrub that had hurt it, that itself has become venomous, and spread the poison throughout the whole plantation.

These distempers of a tree of the greatest use and value, have employ'd the labours of the most eminent botanists and gardeners to seek out remedies for them; in which, however, none have succeeded like the celebrated Dr Misfaubin, who from his profound knowledge in bodies has compos'd a most elaborate work upon *all the things that can happen*, both to the *Arbor Vitæ* and *Vulvaria* also: There he has taught a certain cure for all those evils, and, what is most wonderful, has even found out a way of making the most venomous *Vulvaria* itself wholesome, which he practises daily to the satisfaction of all that apply to him.

These

These venomous *Vulvariae* are but too common in most gardens about *London*; there are many in *St James's Park*, and more in the celebrated gardens at *Vauxhall* over the water.



The NAMES and VIRTUES.

BESIDES the common name of *Arbor Vitæ*, a very learned philosopher and great divine would have it call'd, *Arbor Scientiæ boni & mali*, believing, upon very good grounds, this is the tree which grew in the middle of the garden of *Eden*, and whose fruits were so alluring to our first mother. Others would have it call'd the *Mandrake of Leah*, persuaded it is the same whose juice made the before barren *Rachel* a joyful mother of children.

The learned *Madame D'Acier*, in her notes upon *Homer*, contends it should be called *Nepenthes*.

Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολον τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπάντων. *Odyss. Δ.*

She gives many reasons why it certainly is that very plant, whose fruits the Egyptian Queen recommended to *Helen*, as a certain cure for pain and grief of all sorts, and which she ever after kept by her as her most precious jewel, and made use of as a *Panacæa* upon all occasions.

The great *Dr Bentley* calls it more than once *Machæra Herculis*, having proved out of the fragments of a *Greek* poet, that of this tree was made that club with which the hero is said to have overcome the fifty wild daughters of *Thespius*, but which

which Queen Omphalé afterwards reduced to a distaff. Others have thought the celebrated Hesperian trees were of this sort ; and the very name of *Poma Veneris*, frequently given by authors to the fruits of this tree, is a sufficient proof these were really the *apples* for which three goddesses contended in so warm a manner, and to which the Queen of beauty had undoubtedly the strongest title.

The virtues are so many, a large volume might be wrote of them ; the juice taken inwardly cures the green sickness, and other infirmities of the like sort, and is a true specific in most disorders of the fair sex : It indeed often causes tumours in the umbilical region ; but even those, being really of no ill consequence, disperse of themselves in a few months.

It cheers the heart, and exhilarates the mind, quiets jarrs, feuds, and discontents, making the most churlish tempers surprizingly kind and loving ; nor have private persons only been the better for this reconciling virtue, but whole states and kingdoms ; nay, the greatest empires in the world have often received the benefit of it ; the most destructive wars have been ended, and the most friendly treaties been produced, by a right application of this universal medicine among the chief of the contending parties.

If any person is desirous to see this excellent and wonderful plant in good perfection, he may meet with it at the aforementioned Mr B—n's garden at Lambeth, who calls it *the silver-spoon tree*, and is at all-times ready to oblige his friends with the sight of it.

SOME



SOME
ACCOUNT
OF A
BOOBY of QUALITY

Lately exported beyond Sea, on his
Travels.



HAVE often lamented, and complain'd, that men will be making themselves greater fools than nature intended they should be, by endeavouring to make themselves wiser. Few men are fit for every part of education, and yet every sort of education is made, in one instance or another, to suit every sort of men. But there is scarce any species of breeding so signally prostituted as that of *travelling*, which frequently polishes a young fellow, as it were, in spite of his teeth, and turns an honest tolerable *booby* into an insufferable prating *coxcomb*. To be able to speak, is the most unfortunate lesson a simpleton can learn; but if he is taught to profane pen,

pen, ink, and paper, and can write, the curse is still heavier: When this happens, heaven shew mercy, and grant patience to his friends and acquaintance!

I would not be understood, here, as if I was for debarring any hopeful young gentleman of *this class* from every kind of learning: No, I am for allowing him a *good share of it*, and full as much as he wants: He shall learn his *primer*, and the *Church Catechism*, and be taught to set his mark to any deed or writing whatsoever. This is *book learning* enough in all conscience for him, provided he aspires no higher than to be knight of the shire, or chairman at the quarter-sessions, or foreman of the grand-jury at the assizes, or chief toaster at a drinking-match. But be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that, if ever the said 'Squire presume to make an elopement from nature, and his inborn stupidity, and the hereditary heaviness of his family; and, in defiance of this my ordinance and injunction, profanely and sacrilegiously take upon himself the stile and title of *gentleman*, in any other sense, than as the same is borrow'd from money, or ancient blood; he is then to be treated as a lunatick, and one out of his mind.

I fell into these reflections from what happen'd to me not long since, upon visiting a gentleman in *Suffex*, whose eldest son is now performing his travels. The old man told me that his son was a most ingenious young man; that he had kept him nine years at a grammar-school, and that he could give a horse a purge when he was but sixteen years of age; that he used to puzzle all the maids in the family at *questions and commands*, and he did not doubt but he would be a great man. *My boy*, says the old man to me, *is very punctual in his duty me; he writes me a letter at least once a quarter,*

quarter, and never forgets to remember his kind love to his mother, and Margery the house-keeper, who was his dry nurse. He then shew'd me several of his son's letters, in which he told me I should see the young rogue had wit at will. The following one was so remarkable, that I read it over 'till I got it by heart; and I now publish it for the honour of the author, and the entertainment of my ever-courteous reader.

Paris, this eleventh day of September, Anno Domini 1730.

Worshipful S I R,

THIS is not forgetting my respects to my loving mother and our Margery. When we come over the sea from Harwich, it raged like any mad, and I cast up all that was within me. I was very sick indeed; that I was—But I had kept the neat's tongue which my mother put into my pocket at parting, the last thing she did, and every now and then I nibb'd a bit on't, to keep the wind out of my stomach, as mother said I should.

Our John, that you put in livery for me, takes great care of me, as mother bid him: He lies with me every night. I met Mr Stopcock at the Hague: You know he was once our excise-man at Ar—d—l; and he and I drank a bottle together. And moreover than that, I likewise met Will Runnit, who left our parish a great while ago, and was a trooper: He now sells wash-balls at Amsterdam, and he and I crack'd a bottle too. I keeps none but the best of company, and our John is never from me.

F

I never

‘ I never saw so many rivers in any county in
 ‘ *England*, where I have been, as there is in *Hol-*
 ‘ *land*; but we have more timber growing than
 ‘ they have, and we have sweeter butter, espe-
 ‘ cially in the *May* month, and our *John* says the
 ‘ same. They tells me there is not a bishop in
 ‘ *Holland*, and I did not see so much as one sur-
 ‘ plice in it; so you may guess, father, whether
 ‘ they be christians. The people be for ever do-
 ‘ ing something; so don’t suppose they keep
 ‘ the Sabbath, and our *John* is of the same
 ‘ mind.

‘ When we came into *popish* countries, there I
 ‘ met with cathedrals again, many’s the one, of
 ‘ which I was very glad on’t, and so was our
 ‘ *John*. But, when I went into them at first, I
 ‘ wou’d not d’off my hat, because they belong’d
 ‘ to *popish* idolatry: ‘Till at last a fat parson,
 ‘ without either a shirt or a pair of shoes, and a
 ‘ great rope about his middle, look’d grievous
 ‘ angry, and gabbled at me in the out-landish
 ‘ tongue, as much as to say, *Pull off your hat*;
 ‘ and I was afraid he would do me a mischief,
 ‘ and so I did so—But, however, I told him, *My*
 ‘ *father had as good an estate as he, and was a*
 ‘ *justice of peace into the bargain*. This, I be-
 ‘ lieve, frighten’d him; and, besides, our *John*
 ‘ stood by me all the while with his fist clinch’d;
 ‘ and so the fat parson shabb’d off, and so there
 ‘ was no danger.

‘ You can’t imagine, father, and no more
 ‘ can’t mother, what huge great wax candles they
 ‘ use here in *popish* countries, upon their altars.
 ‘ I warrant every one of them has five pounds
 ‘ of tallow in it. Our *John* says, he never saw
 ‘ the like, tho’ he travell’d once before, when he
 ‘ was at the *Isle of Man*. The papishes have
 ‘ their *Common-Prayer-Book* all in *Latin*, which I
 ‘ tells

‘ tells them is a burning-shame, and persuades
 ‘ them to be of the Church of *England*; but I
 ‘ finds they don’t value our church no more than
 ‘ nothing, and the Presbyterians be little better:
 ‘ So I can hardly meet with a christian in these
 ‘ outlandish countries.

‘ Since I came from home, I have seen, among
 ‘ other strange sights; one man plowing with one
 ‘ horse; which to be sure saves a number of money.
 ‘ I wish, father, you had as much sense in *En-*
 ‘ *gland*. Our *John* will try to do it when we
 ‘ come home, if you will submit yourself to be
 ‘ advis’d by him and me.

‘ The *French* folks don’t live near so well as we
 ‘ do in *England*, and our beef is fatter than theirs
 ‘ by at least an inch on the rib, and they never
 ‘ make any pudding at all. But they eat frogs
 ‘ like any mad, and the devil and all of onions.
 ‘ Our *John* is heart-sick of their diet. Tho’ their
 ‘ churches be very brave and neat, yet I likes no-
 ‘ thing in them, but the organs and the ring of
 ‘ bells; all the rest is *popish idolatry*. In *Holland*,
 ‘ the church establish’d by law, is all Dissenters
 ‘ and Presbyterians, and so I did not go to church
 ‘ because they be all *Schismaticks*, which is as
 ‘ bad as *popish idolatry*, and our *John* don’t like
 ‘ either of them.

‘ Here in *France*, the King is as cunning as
 ‘ other folks, for he does keep a great quantity of
 ‘ soldiers and dragoons; and so they have had no
 ‘ rebellions nor meeting-houses here this many a
 ‘ day. I wish, father, you had the sense to be
 ‘ as wise in *England*. A great quantity of the
 ‘ *French* parsons be out of conceit with the go-
 ‘ vernment that rules at present, but our *John*
 ‘ says, *The red coats will make them know them-*
 ‘ *selves*.

' This town of *Paris* is a main big town, and
 ' has a power of hackney-coaches in it. My
 ' cloaths, with the silver buttons, is as fresh as if I
 ' had put it on but yesterday, as our *John* can
 ' tell. I wore it two days ago at a ball, where
 ' there was a good many fine folke, but I find
 ' they don't know much of country dances here ;
 ' for when I call'd for *Moll-Placket*, and after-
 ' wards for *Bury-Fair*, the fiddlers knew nothing
 ' of them, and no more did not the company.
 ' There was a colonel there that look'd very hard
 ' at me ; I doubted he was going to press me for
 ' a trooper, and so I stole softly down stairs and
 ' run home, and our *John* with me, as hard as we
 ' could drive.

' This, with my kind love and our *John's* to
 ' you, and mother, and our *Margery*, and *John's*
 ' service to *Peg Hatchet*, the wheeler's daughter.
 ' So no more at present from,

Worshipful father,

Your ever loving son, till death,

OLIVER GAPE.

A genuine



A genuine copy of a real letter that was lately sent by a person who had practis'd as an Attorney and Sollicitor for eight years at Sh—— in Dorsetshire, to a friend in the country, upon his certificate not being allow'd nor sign'd, pursuant to the late act of parliament for regulating Attorneys, &c.

Dear Cousen,

London.

• **W**HAT I am goeng to rite to you, will
 • perhaps greatly reprize you. I have bin
 • labering here twelv days successfully to git my
 • firtefekate fined by the judgis. Nather Mr——
 • the *Member*, nor *Counsellor*—— would abscibe
 • a petition for me, tho' I voted for the former,
 • and has given so many breefs to the latter: and
 • *Sargant*——, who was counsil for William John-
 • son when I brought the ackshon of resault and
 • batterie against John Goodman, which was try'd
 • at our asyfis, was so mischaritable as to deni me
 • also; and jockinglee advised me to go for a *lif-*
 • *gardman*, sayeng, I was hevy and lacy enuff for
 • that emplyment; for which I hope you and bro-
 • ther James will not forgit him the next tim he
 • comes our firkit.

• You cannot think what a flustration this acci-
 • dence has put me into, and I know my clyents in
 • the country will risliet upon me, as if I had bin

' guilty of som scounderling ackshon, which I ne-
 ' ver was or will be, while my name is Thomas
 ' W——. This ackt of parlement has made
 ' me almost mad, becaus I am now not in a com-
 ' pafity to serv my clyents, who must put there
 ' biffines into other peeples hands, so that I am a
 ' very misfortunate fellar, and hav reson to curs
 ' my stars that I was bred a fckollar, I had bettur
 ' bin a plowman. I does intend to rit to my un-
 ' kel—— in Summersitshear to see if he can git
 ' this thing don for me, otherwaes I must lose a-
 ' bout thurten causis next *Hillbery-Term*.

' The fal that I had from my hors on the road,
 ' and the ugly dreem I had the nite before I came
 ' from home, were fomthing lik the Welch corps
 ' kandle that goes about afore peeples deths in
 ' Wales, being farten prisages of my presant mis-
 ' fortunate trobles; if I coud'nt hav raised the
 ' mony for the stomp, as a great many attorneys
 ' can't do, the thing wou'd never vex me.

Your loveng Couzen, tell Deth,

Bell-yard, by
 Temple-bar,
 Novem. 27,
 1730.

Thomas W——

E P I T A P H



E P I T A P H.

HERE lies honest *William Dawe*,
 Altho' an attorney at law :
 If he be not blest,
 God help the rest.



Another.

HERE lies *John Coom*,
 A bailiff of the boom ;
 When he dy'd,
 The devil cry'd,
 Come, *John*, coom.



*Another in Topliff Church-yard in
 Yorkshire.*

I *John Bell* of *Crakehill* lys under this stein,
 Four of my own sons laid it on my weam,
 I was a man of my meat, and master of my wife,
 And liv'd in my own house without mickle strife.
 If thou be'st a better man in thy time than I was—
 in mine,
 Take this stein off my weam, and lye on the top of
 thine.

R—th



R—th the Quaker of little H—ll—nd
House near K—nsi—ton, to a Great
Man at Great Ch—sea, sendeth greet-
ing.

Friend R—

“ **W**E regard not the sayings of the man of
craft, nor the reproaches he casteth up-
“ on thee for the leagues thou hast made with fo-
“ reign nations ; for behold, his heart is set on
“ unrighteous things ; his mouth speaketh vanity ;
“ he hath sharpen’d his tongue like a serpent, and
“ adders poison is under his lip : yea, he taketh
“ delight in scoffing and uncovering the nakedness
“ of his own land, wherefore heed we him not.
“ We know thou has’t many enemies who are
“ evil-hearted unto thee, because they bear not
“ office under our Lord the King, and have no
“ authority over his people. Wherefore are their
“ revilings against thee many, insomuch, that
“ multitudes of the scum of the people are fed
“ thereby ; so art thou the means of comfort to
“ those that hunger.
“ Ar-b-lla, a daughter of the house of Church-l,
“ dwelled a long time with me, and I was greatly
“ honoured of her : O ! how my soul hath re-
“ joiced at the deeds of valour done for the peo-
“ ple of this land by John her brother ! yet did
“ they ungraciously say of him, *he was one that*
“ *delighted in war* ; and now behold, they say
“ of thee, *thou delightest in peace* : Thus are their
“ mouths always filled with murmurings.

Thy

“ Thy kindness to thy relations, thy gratitude
 “ to thy friends; and care of thy servants, have
 “ drawn upon thine head great indignation and
 “ clamours from the rude multitude, than which
 “ nothing is more just and reasonable so to do;
 “ for whom shall a man prefer to his relations?
 “ Shall he not reward his friends, and provide for
 “ his faithful servants? All that were before thee
 “ in high station did the like, or at least ought
 “ to have done so; for Jos-ph Add-f-n, a man of
 “ much wisdom, who was my landlord and
 “ neighbour, held it meet and fitting to be done,
 “ as it is written in his book of human learning,
 “ call’d the *Spectator*.

“ If thou hast been craftily dealt with by *any*
 “ abroad, why callest thou not forth the King’s
 “ men of might and his men of valour to chasten
 “ *them*; for altho’ we be a people of peace,
 “ and will not that the blood of men be spilled,
 “ yet it grieveth us sorely to behold the tauntings
 “ of the enemy, who lurks privily, and lieth in
 “ wait for the milk and honey of the land. Thou
 “ knowest well, that the children of England love
 “ battling, and rather than be idle, will fight with
 “ one another; of which mine eyes, as well as
 “ thine, have beheld many examples.

“ Thou must have read of him who *protected*
 “ the realm before thee was’t born, and albeit he
 “ did many unrighteous acts, and was surrounded
 “ with divers great evils, yet his warlike spirit
 “ made the nations abroad to tremble. The
 “ wicked Mazarine, though a haughty and subtilè
 “ counsellor, having deign’d to with-hold from
 “ him the mighty tower of Dunkirk after it
 “ had been wrested from the people of Spain
 “ by the joint navies and hosts of England and
 “ France, and was by solemn league and covenant
 “ to

“ to be given to us ; the *Protector* in exceeding
“ great wrath wrote to him thus :

Thou Traitor, Mazarine,

*I F thou refuseth to deliver Dunkirk into the hands
of Lockhart, my friend and counsellor, whom I
have sent with full powers to receive it ; by the
eternal God I will come and tear thee from thy ma-
ster's bosom, and hang thee at the gates of Paris.*

O. Cromwell.

“ What effect this profane epistle had on the
“ heart of the stubborn priest, I need not tell thee ;
“ it being well known unto the people of this
“ land. I have heard, that at the place call'd
“ Lincoln's-Inn, where the lawyers meet to coun-
“ sel the people, this writing is recorded, and is
“ there to be seen of men, even unto this day.

“ Wherefore at this time stand ye not all up as
“ one man against the common enemy ? Forbear
“ smiting one another with the edge of the pen ;
“ discharge the workers of iniquity on both sides ;
“ hirelings, who for gain to-day cry *Hosannah*,
“ and to-morrow *Crucify him*. Let Henry remem-
“ ber the grace that hath been shewn unto him,
“ and not take delight in mocking at the misfor-
“ tunes of the land, but cleave unto his wife and
“ put away his concubines, and if he can, fear
“ God and honour his King. Even my soul long-
“ eth to see William the Haughty, and William
“ of the West, and thy friend Little William, and
“ thy self, united together in the bands of peace.
“ Moreover, my heart wisheth that Philip the
“ Wanderer, if his heart be turned, and he sor-
“ roweth for his iniquities, he may return home
“ to his own land in peace, for the sake of his
“ forefathers. Let Nicholas P—x—n and Ni-
“ cholas

“ cholas Am—h—st love each other, and lay aside
 “ their prejudices, and let there be no more vain
 “ babblings; for behold when these things come to
 “ pass, will the land flourish, the hands of the
 “ King will be strengthened, and his people be
 “ able to avenge the wrongs of the enemy. Even
 “ tho’ myself be stricken in years, I will then ar-
 “ ray and go forth to help smite him in battle.

*From the place of my abode,
 called Little H—ll—nd House,
 near unto the side of the
 road as thou goest unto the
 palace of our Lord the King
 at Windsor, the first day of
 the week.*

Thy troubled Friend,

R—th.



A P R O.



A P R O P H E C Y.

1.

MOST happy times are now foretold,
The which we may rely on,
When *Courtiers* turn their backs on gold,
And *B R A S S* * shall make good iron.

2.

When *undertakers* wish you health,
And *lawyers* gospel teach,
And pamper'd priests (despising wealth,)
Give bounteous alms and preach.

3.

Physicians plainly shall debate,
With terms occult shan't tease us,
Tories leave writing 'gainst the state,
And *Woolston* pray to *Jesus*.

* One Mr Brads become a mighty advocate for the late
Mr Wood's iron project.

Upon



Upon the same SUBJECT.

O UR silver gone, and eke our gold,
 What must we now rely on ;
 W—d's half pence take, or else we're told
 They'll make us take his iron.

His iron we must buy and sell,
 'Tho' Tomkyns says in sport,
 No doubt 'twould feed an *ostrich* well,
 Like crust it breaks so short.

But whilst arch-wags this iron mock,
 As paultry stuff on trial,
 A *quaker* noted for great *stock*,
 Affirms 'fore G—d, he'll buy all.





EPITAPH on JOSEPH HARE,
a Sexton.

1.

HERE lies old HARE,
Worn out with care,
Who whilom toll'd the bell,
Could dig a grave,
Or set a stave,
And say Amen full well.

2.

For sacred song,
He'd HOPKINS' tongue,
And STERNHOLD's eke also;
With cough and hem,
He stood by them,
As far's his word would go.

3.

Full many a feast,
For worms he dress'd,
Himself yet wanted bread;
But he is gone,
With skin and bone,
To starve 'em now he's dead.

4.

Here take his spade,
And use his trade,
Now he is out of breath,
Cover the bones
Of him, who once
Wrought journey-work for DEATH.

The



T H E
MILLER'S T A L E,
From CHAUCER.

The ARGUMENT.

NICHOLAS, a scholar of Oxford, practiseth with ALISON, the Carpenter's wife of Osney, to deceive her husband; but in the end is rewarded accordingly.

WHILOM in Oxford an old *chuff* did dwell,
A Carpenter by trade, as stories tell,
Who by his craft had heap'd up many a hoard.
And furnish'd strangers both with bed and board.
With him a scholar lodg'd, of slender means,
But notable for sciences and sense,
Yet tho' he took degrees in arts, his mind
Was mostly to *astrology* inclin'd:
A lad in *divination* skill'd and shrewd,
Who by interrogations could conclude,
If men should ask him at what certain hours
The drougthy earth would gape for cooling show'rs,
When it should rain, or snow, what should befall
Of fifty things; I cannot reckon all.
This learned clerk had got a mighty fame
For modesty, and Nicholas his name.
Subtile he was, well taught in Cupid's trade,
But seem'd as meek and bashful as a maid.

A chamber in this hostelry he kept,
 Alone he study'd, and alone he slept.
 With sweet and fragrant herbs the room was dress'd,
 But he was ten times sweeter than the best.
 His books of various size, or great or small,
 His *Augrim* stones to cast accompts withal;
 His *Astrolabe* and * *Almagist* apart,
 With twenty more hard names of cunning art,
 On several shelves were couched nigh his bed,
 And the press cover'd with a folding red.
 Above, an instrument of musick lay,
 On which sweet melody he us'd to play.
 So wond'rous sweet, that all the chamber rung,
 And † *Angelus ad Virginem* he sung;
 Then would he chaunt in good King David's note,
 Full often blessed was his merry throat.
 And thus the clerk in books and musick spent
 His time, and exhibitions yearly rent.
 This Carpenter had a new married wife,
 Lov'd as his eyes, and dearer than his life.
 The buxom lass had twice nine summers seen,
 And her brisk blood ran high in ev'ry vein.
 The dotard jealous of so ripe an age,
 Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a bird in cage:
 For she was wild, and in her lovely prime;
 But he, poor man! walk'd down the *bill of time*.
 He knew the temper of a youthful spouse,
 And oft was seen to rub his aking brows.
 He knew his own weak side, and dreamt in bed,
 She had, or would be planting on his head.
 He knew not Cato, for his wit was rude,
 That men should wed with their similitude.
 Like should with like, in love and years, engage,
 For youth can never be a rhyme to age.

Hence

* The name of a book of Astronomy, written by Ptolomy.

† The Angel's salutation to the Virgin Mary.

Hence jealousies create a nuptial war,
 And the warm seasons with the frigid jar:
 But when the trap's once down, he must endure
 His fate, and *patience is the only cure*.
 Perhaps his father, and an hundred more
 Of honest christians, were thus serv'd before.
 Fair was his charming consort, and withal
 Slender her waste, and like a *weasel's* small.
 She had a girdle barred all with silk,
 And a clean apron, white as marrow milk,
 White as her smock, embroider'd all before,
 Which on her loins in many plaits she wore.
 Broad was her silken fillet, set full high,
 And oft she twinkled with a liquorish eye.
 Her brows were arched like a bended *bow*,
 Like *marble* smooth, and blacker than a *sloe*,
 She softer far than *wool*, or fleecy *snow*.
 Were you to search the universe around,
 So gay a wench was never to be found.
 With greater brightness did her colour shine,
 Than a new *noble* of the finest coin.
 Shrill was her song, and loud her piercing note,
 No *swallow* on a barn had such a throat.
 To this she skipp'd and caper'd, like a *lamb*,
 Or *kid*, or *calf*, when they pursue their dam.
 Sweet as *metheglin* was her *honey* lip,
 Or hoard of *apples* which in *hay* are kept.
 Wincing she was, as is a jolly *colt*,
 Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.
 Above her ancles laced was her shoe,
 She was a *primrose*, and a *pignsey* too;
 And fit to lig by any christian's side,
 Or a Lord's mistress, or a yeoman's bride.
 Now, Sir, what think you how the case befel?
 This Nicholas (for I the truth will tell)
 Was a meer wag, and on a certain day,
 When the good man, the husband, was away.

Began to sport and wanton with his dame,
 (For *clerks* are fly, and very full of game)
 And privily he caught her by *that same*.
 My * Lemmam dear, quoth he, I'm all on fire,
 And perish, if you grant not my desire.
 He clasp'd her round, and held her fast, and cry'd,
 O let me, let me—never be deny'd.
 At this she wreath'd her head, and sprung aloof,
 Like a young frisking *colt*, whose tender hoof
 Ne'er felt the Farrier's hand, and never knew
 The virgin burden of an iron shoe.
 Fie, Nicholas, away your hand, quoth she,
 Is this your breeding and civility?
 Foh! idle sot! what means th' unmanner'd clown,
 To tease me thus, and toss me up and down?
 I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the town.
 You're rude, and will you not be answer'd, no?
 I will not kiss you—prithee let me go.

Here Nicholas, a young designing knave,
 Began to weep, and cant, and pardon crave.
 So fair he spoke, and importun'd so fast,
 This seeming modest spouse consents at last;
 By good † St Thomas swore, her usual oath,
 That she would meet his love, tho' mighty loth.
 " If you, said she, convenient leisure wait
 " (You know my husband has a jealous pate)
 " I will requite you, for if once the beast
 " Should chance to find us out, and smell the jest,
 " I must be a dead woman at the least.

Let that, quoth Nicholas, ne'er vex your head;
 He must be a meer learned ass indeed,
 And very foolishly befets his wile,
 Who cannot a dull Carpenter beguile.
 And thus they were accorded, thus they swore
 To wait the time, as I have said before.

And

* Mistress,

† St Thomas à Becket.

And now, when Nicholas had worn away
 The pleasant time in harmless am'rous play,
 To his melodious psaltery he flew,
 Plaid tunes of love, by which his passion grew,
 Then printed on her lips a dear *adieu*.
 It happened thus, I cannot rightly tell,
 If it on Easter, or on Whitson fell ;
 That on a Holiday, this modest dame
 To church with other honest neighbours came,
 In a good fit, to hear the parson preach
 What the divine Apostles us'd to teach.
 Bright was her forehead, and no summer's day
 Shone half so clear, so tempting, and so gay.

Now to this parish did a clerk belong,
 Who many a time had rais'd a holy song.
 His name was Absalon, a silly man,
 Who curl'd his hair, which strutted like a fan,
 And from his jolly, pert, and empty head,
 In golden Ringlets on his shoulders spread.
 His face was red, his eyes as grey as goose,
 With St Paul's windows figur'd on his shoes.
 Full properly he walk'd, in scarlet hose ;
 But light and silver-colour'd were his clothes,
 And surplice white as blossoms on the rose.
 Thick points and tassels did the coxcomb please,
 And fetously they dangled on his knees
 He could let blood, and shave your beard and head,
 But a meer barber-surgeon by his trade.
 Nay, he could write and read, and that is more
 Than twenty parish-clerks could do before.
 Nay, he could fill a bond, and learnt from France,
 In thirty motions how to trip and dance ;
 Could frisk and toss his twirling legs in air,
 Nice were his feet, and trod it to a hair.
 Songs would he play, and not to hide his wit,
 Would squeak a treble to his squawling kit.
 His dress was finical his musick queer,
 And pleas'd a tapster's eyes, or drawer's ear,

No

No tavern, brew-house, ale-house in the town,
 Was to the gentle Abfalon unknown :
 But he was very careful of his wind,
 And never let it fall out behind.
 To give the devil his due, he had an art,
 By civil speech, to win a lady's heart.

This Abfalon: so jolly, spruce, and gay,
 Went with the censor on the Sabbath-day.
 He swung the incense pot with comely grace,
 But chiefly would he fame a pretty face
 His wanton eye, which ev'ry where he cast;
 Dwelt on the *Carpenter's* fine dame at last:
 So sweet and proper was his lovely wife,
 That he could freely gaze away his life.
 Were he a cat, this pretty mouse would feel
 Too soon his talions, a delicious meal.

And now had Cupid shot a piercing dart,
 And wet the feathers in his wounded heart.
 No off'ring of the handsome wives he took,
 He wanted nothing but a smiling look
 The parish fees refus'd. and said the light
 Of the fair moon shines brightest in the night.
 Soon as the cock had bid the morning rise,
 The smitten lover to his fiddle flies ;

A hideous noise his squeaking trilloes make,
 And all the drowsy neighbourhood awake.
 At the lov'd house some am'rous tunes he play'd,
 And thus with gentle voice he sung or said,
Now, dear Lady if thy will be,
I pray that you'll pity me.

And twenty such complaining notes he sung,
 Alike the musick of his kit-and tongue.
 At this the staring *Carpenter* awoke,
 And thus his wife (fair *Alison*) bespoke :
 Art thou asleep. or art thou deaf, my dear?
 And cannot Abfalon at window hear?
 How with his serenade he charms us all,
 Chaunting melodiously beneath our wall ?

Yes,

Yes, yes, I hear him, Alifon reply'd,
 Too well, God wot, and then she turn'd aside.
 Thus went affairs, 'till Absalon, alas!
 Was a lost creature, a mere whining afs.
 All night he wakes, and sighs, and wears away
 On his broad locks and drefs the live long day,
 To such a height his doating fondness grew,
 To kiss the ground, and wipe her very shoe.
 Where'er she went, he, like a slave pursu'd,
 With spiced ale, and sweet metheglin woo'd.
 All dainties he could rap and rend he got,
 And sent her tarts and custards piping hot.
 He spar'd no cost for an expensive treat,
 Of mead and cyder, and all sorts of meat.
 Throbbing he sings with his lamenting throat,
 And rivals Philomela's mournful note.
 With rigour some, and some with gentle arts,
 Have found a passage to young ladies hearts:
 Some wealth have won, and some have had the lot
 To fall enamour'd of a treating sot.

Sometimes he scaramouched it on high,
 And harlequin'd it with activity:
 Betrays the lightness of his empty head,
 And how he could cut capers in a bed.
 But neither this nor that the damsel move,
 For Nicholas has swept the stakes of love.
 The parish-clerk has nothing met but scorn,
 And may go fiddle now, or blow his horn.
 Thus gentle Absalon is made her ape,
 And all his passion turn'd into a jape;
 For Nicholas is always in her eye;
 True, says the proverb, that the *Nigh are fly*.
 A distant love may disappointment find,
 For *out of sight is ever out of mind*.
 The scholar was at hand, as I have told,
 And gave the parish-clerk *the dog to hold*.
 Now, Nicholas, thy craft and cunning try,
 That Absalon may *de profundis* cry.

Yes,

Now,

Now, when this Carpenter was call'd away,
 To work at Osney, on a certain day,
 The subtle scholar, and the wanton spouse,
 Were decently contriving for his brows:
 Agreed that Nicholas should shape a wile,
 Her addle-pated husband to beguile.
 And if so be, the game succeeded right,
 She then would sleep within his arms all night:
 For both were in this one desire concern'd,
 Alike they suffer'd, and alike they burn'd.
 Strait a new thought leap'd cross the scholar's head,
 Who at that instant to his chamber fled:
 But to relieve his thirst and hunger, bore
 Of meat and liquor a substantial store,
 And vittuall'd it for a long day or more.
 Alce, should your husband ask for Us, quoth he,
 Reply, in scorn, What's Nicholas to Me?
 Am I his keeper? Help your silly head!
 Perhaps the man is mad, asleep, or dead.
 My maid, indeed, has thump'd this hour or more;
 And knock'd as if she'd thunder down the door:
 But he, a moaping drone, no answer gave,
 Fast as a church, and silent as the grave.

Thus did one Saturday entire consume,
 Since Nicholas had lock'd him in his room.
 Nor was he idle, for no *Lent* he kept,
 But eat like other men, and drank, and slept;
 Did what he list, 'till the next sun was new,
 And went to rest as common mortals do.

This Carpenter was in a grievous pain
 Lest Nicholas should over-work his brain;
 By study lose his reason, or his life:
 Well, by *St Thomas*, I don't like it, wife.
 The world we live in is a ticklish place,
 And sudden death has often stopp'd our race.
 I saw a corps, as to the church it past,
 And the poor man at work but Monday last.

Run,

Run, Dick, quoth he, run speedily up stairs,
 Thump at the door, and see how stand affairs.
 Up strait he runs, like any tempest flies,
 And knock and bawls, and like a madman cries,
 Ho! Master Nicholas, what mean you thus
 To sleep all night and day, and frighten us?
 He might as well have whistled to the wind,
 As from good Nicholas an answer find.
 At last he spy'd a hole full low and deep,
 Where usually the cat was wont to creep;
 Here was discover'd to his wond'ring sight
 The scholar gazing with his eyes upright,
 As if intent upon the stars and moon;
 And down runs he to tell his master soon,
 In what array he saw this studious man:
 The Carpenter to cross himself began;
 And cry'd, *St Frideswid*, help us one and all,
 Little we know what fate shall us befall.
 This man with his astronomy is got
 Into some frenzy, and stark mad, God wot:
 This comes of poring on his cunning books,
 Of his moon-snuffing, and star-peeping looks:
 Why should a silly earth-born mortal pry
 On heav'n, and search the secrets of the sky?
 Well fare those men, who no more learning need,
 Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Pray'r and
 Creed,
 Scholars sufficient, if they can but read!
 Thus far'd a sage * philosopher of old,
 Who walking out, as 'tis in story told,
 Was so much with astronomy bewitch'd,
 That his star-gazing clerkship was beditch'd.
 Ill luck attends the man who looks too high,
 And can a star, but not a marlpit spy.

But,

* *Tales.*

But, by *St Thomas*, this shall never pass;
 Too well I love this gentle *Nicholas*.
 I'll ferret him, unless the devil's in it,
 From his brown fit of study in a minute.

Robin, let's try if that an iron pur
 And your strong back can make this scholar stir;
 Now Robin was a lad of brawn and bones,
 And by the hasp heav'd up the door at once;
 Which in the chamber fell, with dreadful sound,
 As would a man like you or me astound,
 But *Nicholas* did nothing do but stare,
 And, like a statue, gape into the air.

This Carpenter was in a piteous fear,
 Because he did not, or he would not hear;
 Thought some deep melancholy had impair'd
 His brain, and that of mercy he despair'd;
 For which the student in his arms he took,
 With might and main, and by the shoulders shook;
 Cry'd, *Nicholas*, awake! What, not a word?
 Look down, despair not—think upon the Lord!
 Then the night-spell he mumbled to himself:
 Bless thee from fiends, and ev'ry wicked elf!
 He cross the threshold, where the dev'l might creep,
 And each small hole, through which an imp might
 peep.

With solemn *Pater-nosters* blest the door,
 And *Ave-Mary's* after and before.
 At this the clerk sent forth a heavy sigh,
 With tears, and woful tone began to cry—
And shall this world be lost so soon? Ay, why?
 What do I hear? the Carpenter reply'd,
 What say'st thou, *Nich'las*? sure thou art beside
 Thyself: Serve God, as we poor lab'ers do,
 And then no harm, no danger will ensue.
 Ah! friend, quoth *Nicholas*, you little think
 What I can tell, but first let's have some drink.
 Then, my dear host, thou shalt in private learn
 Some certain things that thee and me concern.

It shall no mortal but yourself avail ;
 Then fetch a *Winchester* of mighty ale.
 And now when both had drank an equal share,
 Cries Nicholas, sit down, and draw your chair.
 But first, sweet landlord, you must take an oath,
 To no man living to betrary the troth :
 For, trust me, what I'm going to relate
 Is revelation, and as sure as fate :
 And if you tell, this vengeance will ensue,
 No hare in March will be so mad as you.

Nay, quoth mine host, I am no blab, not I
 And hang me, if you catch me in a lie.
 I would not tell, tho' 'twere to save my life,
 To chick, or child, to man, or maid, or wife.

Now, John, quoth Nicholas, I will not hide
 What by my art I have of late descry'd ;
 How, as I por'd upon fair Cynthia's light,
 Should fall on Monday next, at quarter-night,
 A rain so sudden, and so long to boot,
 That Noah's Flood was but a spoonful to't.
 This world, within the compass of an hour
 Shall all be drown'd ; so hideous is the show'r,
 As will the cattle, and mankind devour,
 Cries then this silly man, alas, my wife!
 My bosom-comfort, and my better life!
 And must she drown and perish with the rest ?
 My Alison, the darling of my breast ?
 At this well nigh he swoon'd, o'erwhelm'd with
 grief,

Fetch'd a deep sigh, and is there no relief,
 No remedy, he cry'd, no succour left ?
 Are we, alas ! of ev'ry hope bereft ?
 No, by no means, quoth this designing clerk,
 Be of good heart, and by instruction work :
 For if by Nicholas you will be led,
 And build no castles in your own wild head,
 None so secure ; for Solomon says true,
Work all by counsel, and you cannot rue.

H

If

If you'll be govern'd, and be rul'd by me,
 I'll undertake to save thy wife and thee ;
 By my own art against the flood prevail,
 And make no use of either mast or sail.
 Have you not heard how, when the world was
 naught,

Noah, by heav'nly inspiration taught ;
 Ay, ay, quoth John, I've in my Bible found,
 That once upon a time the world was drown'd.
 Hast thou not heard how Noah was concern'd
 For his dear wife, and how his bowels yearn'd,
 'Till he had built and furnish'd out a bark,
 And lodg'd her with his children in the ark ?
 Now expedition is the soul and life
 Of bus'ness ; if you love yourself, or wife,
 Run, fly——for in this case it is a crime
 To loiter, or to lose an inch of time.
 For Alifon, yourself, and me, provide
 Three kneading-troughs, to sail upon the tide :
 But take most special care that they be large,
 In which a man may swim as in a barge.
 Let them be victuall'd well, and see you lay
 Sufficient stores against a rainy day ;
 Enough to serve you twenty hours, and more,
 For then the flood will swage, and not before.
 But one thing let me whisper in your ear,
 Let not thy sturdy servant Robin hear,
 Nor bonny Gillian know what I relate ;
 I must not utter the decrees of Fate.
 Ask me not reasons why I cannot save
 Your trusty serving maid, and honest knave :
 Suffice it thee, unless thy wits be mad,
 To have as great a grace as Noah had.
 Do you make haste, and mind the grand affair ;
 To save your wife shall be my proper care.
 But when these kneading-tubs are ready made,
 Which may secure us when the floods invade ;

See

See that you hang them in the roof full high,
 That none our providential plot descry ;
 And when thou hast convey'd sufficient store
 Of meat, and drink, as I have said before,
 And put a sharpen'd ax in ev'ry boat,
 To cut the cord, and set us all afloat :
 Then thro' the gabel of the house, which lies
 Above the stable, and the garden spies,
 Break out a hole, so very large and wide,
 Thro' which our tubs may sail upon the tide.

Then wilt thou so much mirth and pleasure take
 In swimming, as the white duck and the drake.
 Then will I cry, Ho ! Alifon and John,
 Be merry, for the flood will pass anon.
 Then wilt thou answer, Master Nicholy,
 Good-morrow, for I see it is broad day.
 Then shall we reign as emperors for life,
 O'er all the world, like Noah and his wife.
 But one thing I almost forgot to tell,
 Which now comes in my head, (and mark me well)
 That on that very night we go abroad,
 All must be hush'd, and whisper not a word ;
 But all the time employ our holy mind
 In earnest pray'rs, for thus has heav'n enjoyn'd.

You and your wife must take a sep'rate place,
 Nor is there any sin in such a case.
 To-morrow night, when men are fast asleep,
 We to our kneading-tubs will flyly creep ;
 There will we sit, each in his ship apart,
 And wait the deluge with a patient heart.
 Go now ; I have no longer time to spare
 In sermoning, use expeditious care :
 Your apprehensions need no more advice ;
One single word's sufficient for the wife :
 And none, dear landlord, can your wit inform ;
 Go, save our lives from this impending storm.
 Away hies John, with melancholy look,
 And sigh'd and groan'd at every step he took.

To Alifon he does his fate deplore,
 And tells a secret which she knew before :
 But yet she trembled, like an aspen leaf,
 And seem'd to perish with dissembled grief ;
 Crying, alas ! what shall I do ?——Be gone——
 Help us t'escape, or we are all undone :
 I am thy true and very wedded wife,
 Go, dear, dear spouse, and help to save my life.

*What strong impressions does affection give !
 By fancy, men have often ceas'd to live.
 Howe'er absurd, things in themselves appear,
 Weak minds are apt to credit what they fear.*

This silly Carpenter is almost wood,
 And thinks of nothing else but Noah's flood ;
 Believes he sees it, and begins to quake,
 And all for Alifon, his honey's fake.
 He's over-run with sorrow, and with fear,
 And sends forth many a groan, and many a tear.
 A kneading-trough, a tub, and * kemeling,
 He gets by stealth, and sends 'em to his inn.
 He makes three ladders, whence he climbs aloof,
 And privately he hangs them in the roof.
 But first he victuall'd them, both trough and tub,
 With bread and cheese, and bottles full of mighty
 bub ;

Enough o'conscience to relieve their fast,
 And be sufficient for a day's repast.

But e'er this preparation had been made,
 He sent to London both his man and maid,
 On certain matters which concern'd his trade. }

And now came on the fatal Monday night,
 Barr'd are the doors, out goes the candle-light ;
 And when all things in readiness were set,
 These three their ladders take, and up they get.

Now

* A brewer's vessel.

Now Pater-noster, * *clum*, said Alifon,
 And *clum*, quoth Nicholas, and *clum*, quoth John.
 This Carpenter his orisons did say,
For men in fear are very apt to pray.
 Silent he waited, when the skies would pour
 This unaccountable and dismal show'r.

And now, at † Curfew time, dead sleep began
 To fall upon this easy simple man ;
 Who, after so much care and business past,
 And spent with sad concern, was quickly fast.
 Soft down the ladder stole this lovely pair,
 Good Nicholas, and Alifon the fair :
 'Then, without speaking, to the bed they creep
 Of John, poor cuckold ! who was fast asleep.
 'There all the night they revel, sport, and toy,
 And act the merry scene of am'rous joy ;
 'Till that the bell of Lauds began to ring,
 And the fat fryars in the chancel sing.

The parish clerk, this am'rous Absalon,
 Who over head and ears in love is gone,
 At Osney happen'd, with a jovial crew,
 To spend the Monday as they us'd to do :
 There pulls a certain fryar by the sleeve,
 With pardon begg'd, and father, by your leave,
 When saw you John the Carpenter, he cries ;
 Last Saturday, the cloisterer replies,
 Since when, I have not seen him with these eyes : }
 Perhaps abroad he's playing fast and loose,
 Or fetching timber for the abbot's use,

H 3

And

* A note of silence.

† Curfew, William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded, that in every town and village, a bell should be rung every night at eight of the clock ; and that all people should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed. The ringing of this bell was called *Curfew*, that is, *Cover Fire*.

And lodges at the Graunge a day or two ;
Or else at home — I know no more than you.

This made Nab's boiling blood with pleasure
start,

The news rejoic'd the cockles of his heart.
Now is my time, thinks he, the Moon is bright,
Nor care I, if I travel all the night ;
For at his door, since day began to spring,
I've seen, like him, no kind of man or thing.

It is resolv'd — to Alifon I'll go,
When the first morning cock begins to crow ;
And to her window privately repair ;
Then knock, and tell her my tormenting care :
I'll open all my breast, and ease my heart,
For 'tis too much to bear love's stinging smart.
Some little comfort sure I shall not miss,
At least, she'll grant the favour of a kiss.
My mouth has itch'd all day, from whence it seems
That I shall kiss ; besides, my pleasant dreams
Of feasts and banquets, whence a man may guess
That I may haply meet with some success :
But for an hour or two before I go,
I'll first refresh me with a nap or so.

Now the first cock had wak'd from his repose
The jolly Absalon, and up he rose.
But first he dresses finical and gay,
And looks like any beau at church or play,
And brisk as bridegroom on a wedding-day.
Nicely he combs the ringlets of his hair,
And, wash'd with rosewater, looks fresh and fair :
Then with his finger he her window twang'd,
Whisper'd a gentle tone, and thus harangu'd,

*Sweet Alifon, my honey-comb, my dear,
My bride, my cinnamon, your lover hear.
Awake, and speak one word before I part ;
But one kind word, the balsam to my heart.
Little you think, alas ! the mighty woe,
Which for the love of thee I undergo.*

For

*For thee I swilter, and for thee I sweat,
 And mourn as lambkins for the mother's teat.
 Nor false my grief, nor does the turtle dove
 Lament more truly, or more truly love.
 I cannot eat nor drink, and all for thee —*
 Get from my window, you *Jack Fool*, said she;
 I love another of a different hue,
 From such a silly dunder-head as you.
 If you stand talking at that foolish rate,
 My chamber-pot shall be about your pate.
 Be gone, you empty sot, and let me sleep;
 At this poor *Abfalon* began to weep.
 And his hard fate, with sighs and groans deplore,
Was ever faithful love thus serv'd before?
Since, then, my sweet, what I desire's in vain,
Let me but one small boon, a kiss obtain.
 And will you then be gone, nor loiter here,
 Quoth *Alison*? *Ay, certainly, my dear!*
 Make ready then——Now, *Nicholas*, lie still;
 'Tis such a jest that you shall laugh your fill.

Ravish'd with joy, *Nab* fell upon his knees,
 The happiest man alive in all degrees;
 In silent raptures he began to cry,
No lord in Europe is so blest as I.
I may expect more favours; for a kiss
Is an assurance of a farther bliss.
 The window now unclasp'd, with slender voice,
 Cries *Alison*, be quick, and make no noise;
 I would not for the world our neighbours hear,
 For they're made up of jealousy and fear.

Then silken handkerchief from pocket came,
 To wipe his mouth full clean, to kiss the dame.
 Dark was the night as any coal or pitch,
 When at the window she clapp'd out her breech.
 The parish clerk ne'er doubted what to do,
 But ask'd no questions, and in haste fell to.
 On her blind side full favourly he prest
 A loving kiss, ere he smelt out the jest.

Aback

Aback he starts, for he knew well enough,
That women's lips are smooth, but these were rough.
What have I done? quoth he, and rav'd and star'd,
Ah me! I've kist a woman with a beard!

He curs'd the hour, and rail'd against the stars,
That he was born to kifs my lady's arse.

* *Tehea* she cry'd, and clapt the window close,
While Absalon with grief and anger goes
To meditate revenge; and to requite
The foul affront, he would not sleep that night.
And now with dust, with sand, with straw, with
chips,

He scrubs and rubs the kisses from his lips.

Oft would he say, *Alas! O basest evil!*

Than meet with this disgrace so damn'd unci-wil,
I rather had went head-long to the devil. }

To kifs a woman's breech! Oh, it can't be borne!
But, by my soul, I'll be reveng'd by morn.

Hot love, the proverb says, *grows quickly cool,*
And Absalon's no more an am'rous fool:

For since his purpose was so foully crost.

He gains his quiet, tho' his love is lost:

And, cur'd of his distemper, can defy

All whining coxcombs with a scornful eye:

But for meer anger, as he pass'd the street,

He wept, as does a school-boy, when he's beat:

In a soft doleful pace, at last he came

To an old Vulcan, Jarvis was his name;

Who late and early at the forge turmoil'd,

In hammering iron bars and plough-shares toil'd,

Hither repair'd, by one or two a-clock,

Poor Absalon, and gave an easy knock.

Who's there that knocks so late, Sir Jarvis cries?

'Tis I, the pensive Absalon replies,

Open

Open the door. *What, Absalon (quoth he)*
The parish clerk! Ah! Benedicite
Where hast thou been? some pretty girl, I wot,
Has led you out so late upon the trot.
Some merry meeting on the wenching score;
You know my meaning—but I'll say no more.

This Absalon another distaff drew,
 And had more tow to spin than Jarvis knew:
 He minded not a bean of all he said,
 For other things employ'd his careful head.
 At last he silence breaks, *Dear friend*, he cries,
Lend's that hot pur, which in the chimney lies:
I have occasion for't, no questions ask,
To bring it back again shall be my task.

With all my heart, quoth Jarvis, were it gold,
 Or splendid nobles in a purse untold:
 With all my heart, as I'm an honest Smith,
 I'll lend it thee; but what wilt do therewith?
 For that, quoth Absalon, nor care, nor sorrow,
 I'll give a good account of it to-morrow.
 Then up the cutler in his hand he caught,
 Tripp'd out with silent pace and wicked thought.
 Red-hot it was as any burning coal,
 With which to John the Carpenter's he stole.
 There first he cough'd, and, as his usual wont,
 Up to the window came, and tapp'd upon't.
 Who's there? quoth Alifon, some midnight rook,
 Some thief, I warrant, with a hanging look.
 Ah! God forbid, quoth this dissembling elf,
 'Tis Absalon, my life, my better self!
 A rich gold ring I've to my darling brought,
 By a known graver exquisitely wrought:
 Beside, a posy most divinely writ,
 By a fam'd poet and notorious wit.
 My mother gave it me ('tis wond'rous fine!)
 She clapp'd it on my finger, I on thine,
 If thou wilt deign the favour of a kiss ———
 Now Nicholas, by chance rose up to pifs:

Thinking

Thinking to better, and improve the jest,
 He should salute his breech before the rest.
 With eager haste and secret joy he went,
 And his posteriors out at window sent.
 Here Absalon, the wag, with subtile tone,
 Whispers, my love! my soul! my Alison!
 Speak, my sweet bird, I know not where thou art—
 At this the scholar let a rousing fart;
 So loud the noise, as frightful was the stroke
 As thunder, when it splits the sturdy oak.
 The clerk was ready, and with hearty gust,
 The red-hot iron to his buttocks thrust.
 Strait off the skin, like shrivel'd parchment flew,
 His breech as raw as St Bartholomew.
 The cutler had so sing'd his hinder-part,
 He thought he should have dy'd for very smart.
 In a mad fit, about the room he ran,
Help, water, water, for a dying man.

The Carpenter, as one beside his wits,
 Starts at the dreadful sound, and up he gets.
 The name of water rouz'd him from his sleep;
 He rubs his eye-lids, and began to peep.
 Alas! thought he, now comes the fatal hour,
 And from the clouds does Noah's deluge pour.
 Up then he sits, and without more ado,
 He takes his ax, and smites the cord in two.
 Down goes the bread, and ale, and cheese and all,
 And John himself had a confounded fall;
 Dropt from the roof upon the floor, astound,
 He lies as dead, and swims upon the ground.

Then Nicholas, to play the counterfeit,
 With Alison, cries murder in the street.
 In came the neighbours pouring, like the tide,
 To know the reason why was murder cry'd.
 There they beheld poor John a gasping man;
 Shut were his eyes, his face was pale and wan:
 Batter'd his sides, and broken was his arm;
 But stand it out he must, to his own harm.

For

For when he aim'd to speak in his defence,
 They bore him down, and baffled all his sense.
 They told the people that the man was wood,
 And dream'd of nothing else but Noah's flood.
 His heated fancy of this deluge rung,
 That to the roof three kneading-troughs he hung,
 With which in danger he design'd to swim,
 And we, forsooth, must carry on the whim ;
 He begg'd and pray'd, and so we humour'd him. }

At hearing this, the sneering neighbours gave
 An universal shout, and hideous laugh.

Now on the roof, and now on John they gape,
 And all his earnest turn into a jape.

He swore against the scholar and his wife,
 And never look'd so foolish in his life.

Whate'er he speaks, the people never mind ;
 His oaths are nothing, and his words are wind.

Thus all consent to scoff each serious word,
 And John remain'd a cuckold on record.

Thus doors of brass, and bars of steel are vain,
 And watchful jealousy, and carking pain,

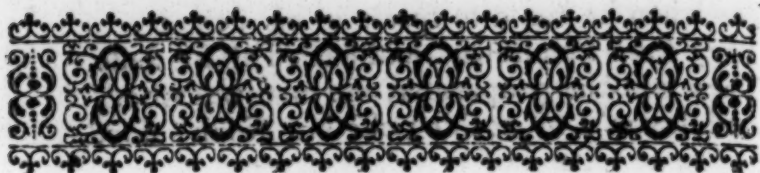
Is fruitless all, when a good-natur'd spouse
 Designs preferment for her husband's brows.

Thus Alison her cuckold does defy.

And Absalon has kiss'd her nether eye ;

While Nicholas is scalded in the breech,

My tale is done ; God save us all, and each.



A
P O E M
ON THE
Taking St *MARRY's*.

WHEN Lewis strove, as all agree,
For Universal Monarchy,
And thro' his cunning bore such
 sway
That kept all Europe at a bay,
Imposing on the Spanish throne
A baby-grandson of his own,
One that himself knew how to rule,
As a quack doctor does his fool ;
Who must with every whim comply,
Design'd to cheat the standers-by :
'Twas then the Dutch and English fleet,
With force unconquerably great,
Rid uncontroll'd upon the main,
And steer'd a joyful course to Spain,
In hopes all to return (God bless us !)
As rich as Solomon or Cræsus.

^a But

But for some reason yet unknown,
 The mighty deeds remain undone ;
 Tho' the design was well projected,
 It did not prove as we expected.
 Some say the cause we did not speed
 Was, that some merry rogues in red
 Grew tipsy with the noble juice,
 Which vineyards yield for human use,
 And cocking then their little guns,
 They made a fally on the nuns ;
 O'er-run the pious heavenly maids,
 Tho' arm'd with crucifix and beads :
 Then flung them on their backs, some tell ye,
 And basely stabb'd them in the belly.
 The heroes drew, push'd home upon them,
 And several inches in they run them.
 Whilst they, poor souls ! had nothing else
 But scabbards to defend themselves,
 Which is no safeguard, we must own,
 Against a blade that's ready drawn ;
 Yet some among these godly lasses,
 So fenc'd, they put by many passes ;
 Whilst others at their victor's foot
 Sprawling upon their backs cry'd out,
 Nay, if I must be kill'd, I must,
 And so submitted to the thrust.
 These holy sisters knew full well,
 There was no fence against a flail ;
 That conq'rors will do what they wou'd do,
 And so comply'd, as women shou'd do.
 Altho' the soldiers won the day,
 And all the nuns at mercy lay,
 Whilst every heroe (till appeas'd)
 Stuck his fair mistress as he pleas'd ;
 Yet the success fell out so cross,
 Our side sustain'd the greater loss,
 For 'tis affirm'd, by news from Cadiz,
 That none were gainers but the ladies.

But now, to let you know what past
 Betwixt both sides at first and last,
 The matter shall be fairly stated,
 How several nuns capitulated :
 How some kind heroes gain'd upon them,
 And by soft elocution won them ;
 Who, scorning force, lay'd by their swords,
 And try'd the pleasing pow'r of words.

A gallant youth, who led the van,
 With his fair victim thus began :
 Bright innocence, the fate of war
 Has destin'd me your conqueror ;
 But yet, fair soul, those charming eyes
 Have made me captive, by surprize.
 You need not for compassion sue,
 'Tis I must mercy ask of you ;
 The sweetness in your looks I see
 Doth bind me fast, but you are free :
 Therefore 'twould be but just and kind
 To shew the mercy you would find
 From him who might by conquest claim
 What now he craves, to cool his flame.
 But you the victor's pow'r shall have,
 And I, your victim and your slave,
 Will only beg, at your fair hand,
 Those favours which I could command.
 The charming creature, much afraid,
 In tears reply'd to what he said——

Most noble youth, each gentle word
 Prevails beyond the fear of sword.
 But tho' you've kindly us'd me thus,
 You still may prove more generous.
 Consider, I'm a harmless maid,
 And know not how you'd be obey'd ;
 Bred up in these monastick weeds,
 Devoted to my prayers and beads,
 Young, innocent, and never taught
 To entertain an evil thought.

Religion

Religion is my daily task,
 I know not what it is you ask ;
 If it be sinful, I deny ;
 If inoffensive, I comply.
 Consent to ill, you must excuse,
 I'd rather you your force wou'd use.
 For if by rugged violence,
 You take from my weak innocence,
 What I consent not to resign,
 The sin is wholly your's, not mine.

Madam, the gentle youth reply'd,
 You steer tow'rds rocks you would avoid,
 And into greater evils run
 Than those you are about to shun :
 For if it can be an offence
 T' enjoy sweet virgin innocence ;
 To attempt your chastity by force,
 For certain, makes the crime the worse.
 Therefore, if you such violence chuse
 That's wicked for a man to use,
 Which you so easily may prevent
 By kindly giving your consent ;
 Heav'n at your door the guilt will lay,
 Because you chuse the sinfull'st way.
 Then close he hugs her in his arms,
 And makes a trespass on her charms.

Oh ! dearest youth, don't use me so,
 Forbear your force, and let me go,
 I will, I vow, I will resign,
 O ! do not let the sin be mine.

The next was of a coarser mold,
 By wine made merry, brisk and bold,
 Who, catching hold on holy sister,
 Address'd her thus, but first he kiss'd her.
 Madam, says he, I vow and swear
 Thou art so young, so soft and fair,
 That I'd not lose this precious minute
 For paradise, and all that's in it.

Therefore, my dear, to deal ingenuous,
 I will be Mars, you must be Venus,
 And in this very house or mansion,
 We'll enter into close conjunction;
 Be free, and I shall soon dispatch you,
 I'm cock'd and prim'd, and must have at you.

Lord, Sir, the pretty nun cry'd out,
 I hope you're not design'd to shoot;
 I'll grant you all you can desire,
 But do not, do not, do not fire,
 For if you do, I'm fore afraid
 You'll kill me, Oh! you kill me dead.

Next these appear'd a spruce caddee,
 A beau of wond'rous nicety,
 Who patts his captive on the cheek,
 And thus the fop begins to speak;
 Dear pretty phubs, I vow to gad,
 You ladies make us soldiers mad.
 What frigid mortal can forbear,
 Sweet beauty so devout and fair?
 Nay, frame not such an angry face,
 I must attack your gattering place.

Excuse me, Sir, Oh! let me go,
 How can you serve a virgin so?
 To no immodest freedoms given,
 But wedded for her life to heaven.
 Cotzooks, my dear, why what's the meaning?
 By all that's sacred, here's no linnen.
 Why, pr'ythee, madam, what a pox,
 Are nuns allow'd to wear no smocks?

No, Sir, the charming fair one cry'd,
 We humour not our ease or pride,
 We wear coarse woolen next our skins
 As penance for our lesser sins.

Faith, madam, give me leave to tell you,
 By the Lord, I fancy that I smell you,
 Like an old goat, methinks you're frowzy,
 Besides, my dear, I fear you're lousy;

Faith,

Faith, madam, you may keep, for me,
 Your sanctify'd virginity :
 What sloven do you think would use it,
 Since you can't make *one shift* to lose it ?
 Give me good, clean, fine holland linen,
 Fit for a gentleman to sin in.
 No smock ('ad take me) I'd as soon
 Cajole a beggar as a nun.

Come, madam, said a stander by,
 That saw the beau so nice and shy,
 I've seen as good as he, by troth,
 Make a good meal without a cloath ;
 Faith, madam, keener appetites
 Will jump at what his stomach flights ;
 And I myself am glad to chuse
 'Those blessings he disdain'd to use.
 Have pity on a maid (she cries)
 Dear Sir, that at your mercy lies ;
 Pollute not helpless innocence,
 Forbear that crying black offence.

Wounds ! madam, (says the merry blade)
 Woman for th' use of man was made ;
 'The innocence you plead's a jest,
 You would not talk so to a priest.
 I know you nuns are but a sort
 Of pious wag-tails, for the sport
 Of brawny monks and priests design'd,
 Your cloyster'd life is but a blind ;
 'Therefore don't struggle, but lie still,
 I vow and swear I must and will.

Nay, Sir, reply'd the charming saint,
 If you're so resolutely bent,
 In me 'tis folly to contend,
 I must submit, and there's an end ;
 But don't, dear Sir, nay don't, forbear,
 Lord, what d'ye do ? O there ! O there !
 Nay, now I'll swear you've quite undone !
 A nun, O fye ! a nun, a nun.



The COUNTRY 'SQUIRE and his Man
JOHN.

A. T A L E.



MAN of wisdom may disguise
His knowledge, and not seem too
wise ;
But take it for a constant rule,
There's no concealing of a fool.
Of this the instances are plenty ;
But one may serve as well as twenty.

A worthy knight, of good estate,
Prov'd to be so unfortunate,
That, with great cost and fruitless care,
He rear'd a blockhead to his heir.
But hoping it would mend the breed,
Shou'd he some prudent damsel wed,
He sent him out to court a lady,
Whose father he'd engag'd already.
But first he charg'd him on his blessing :
To keep in mind this easy lesson :
Humphry, says he, whate'er you do,
Take heed your words be very few ;
For you'll be counted wise, so long
As you have wit to hold your tongue.
And never feed too greedily
On custard, pudding, or sweet pye ;
Lest your ungovern'd appetite
Bring shame and sorrow in the night—

But

But John shall go, and he'll advise you ;
 And, let me tell you, John's no nisey.
 —Here, John, d'ye mind, give Numps a touch,
 Whene'er he talks or eats too much.
 Besure take heed he don't neglect
 To pay the gentry great respect,
 And all our services express
 In handsome terms, with good address.

Instructed thus, they both took horse,
 And tow'rds the lady bent their course.
 Whilst John perform'd the Teacher's part,
 Numps got his compliments by heart ;
 Which he deliver'd in such guise,
 They thought him tolerably wise :
 He held his tongue ; this seem'd to be
 A token of his modesty.

All pass'd on well till supper came :
 Oh hateful meal ! Oh hateful name !
 Vile author of poor Humphry's shame !
 From ev'ry dish, most nicely drest,
 Th' old lady still supply'd her guest.

All with astonishment beheld
 His plate oft empty, often fill'd.
 He eat ; John pull'd, and pull'd again.
 The pulls, Oh John ! were all in vain :
 For near him stood an apple-pye,

On which he cast a greedy eye,
 Then fill'd his plate six inches high.

John gave his elbow many a twitch ;
 Thought Numps, our John may kiss my b—h :

'Tis apple-pye—I'll eat my fill,
 Let consequence be what it will.

Fatal resolve ! I dread to tell

What consequences which besel.

Let sordid nightmen tell the rest,

Who relish the unsavory jest.

My dainty Muse wou'd fain have done ;

But truth commands, she must go on.

In

In the best bed the 'Squire must lye,
 And John in truckle-bed just by;
 Who slept till dismal voice and groan,
 At midnight cry'd, O, help! dear John,
 Or else for ever I'm undone.
 For heaven's sake find some excuse;
 The dev'lish apple-pye's broke loose:
 And as I lay upon't and roll'd it,
 The bed's scarce big enough to hold it.
 John wak'd, and thus began to pray;
 The devil take all fools, I say.
 Why, choak you, eat it up again,
 And lick the sheets and blankets clean.
 —What can be done?—here, take my shirt,
 And I'll come wallow in the dirt.
 Do you get up as soon as light;
 I'll lye, and try to set all right.

So said, so done; up got the 'Squire,
 And John lay tumbling in the mire.
 He lay till two brisk lasses come
 To make the bed, and clean the room.
 Soon, in the damask bed, friend John
 Was 'spy'd, half buried in the down.
 What's here? quo' Nell, as I'm alive,
 The master rose soon after five;
 Here is his man, a lazy loon,
 Intends to lie a-bed till noon.
 Quoth John, I've had a tedious night,
 That truckle-bed has lam'd me quite:
 I turn'd in here to take some rest;
 This is a comfortable nest.

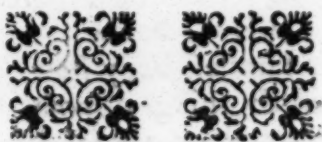
One nap, dear girls, is all I beg.
 —A nap! Sue, give him some cold pig.
 Come, come, says John, don't play the fool;
 I'm *laxative*, you'll make me pull,
 And straining hard will force a stool.
 They pull'd, John squeez'd, and gave a grunt,
 Then cry'd aloud—Good faith I've don't:

E'en

E'en thank yourselves.—Away ran Nell
And Sue, half poison'd with the smell.

This story slipt not, you may swear,
But quickly reach'd the master's ear.
His lordship, tickled with the whim,
Cou'd not forbear, at dinner-time,
To banter John ; nor did he fail
T' enlarge upon the curious tale.
But seeing John with shame cast down,
He frankly gave him half a crown.
John took't and bow'd—Numps sitting by,
Seeing the prize, with envious eye,
Into John's fob directly go,
Cry'd out aloud, Why, John, you know
The half crown is by right *my* due :
'Twas I be—t the bed, not you.

Oh blunder! never to be mended.
This one wise speech the courtship ended.
Home trotted John in doleful dumps ;
And far behind sneak'd hopeful Numps.
The Lady, thus diverted by her 'Squire,
Found out a *cleanlier* lover to lie by her.





STREPHON *and* CHLOE; *or* *Beauty*
meer mortal.

A T A L E.

By Dr S——

OF Chloe all the town has rung;
By ev'ry size of poets sung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years:
By nature form'd with nicest care,
And, faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mein, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then, so nice, and so genteel;
Such cleanliness from head to heel:
No humours gross, or frowzy steams,
No noisom whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind; above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow:
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose:
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water.
You'd swear, that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer, had she walkt the town,
Her arm-pits would not stain her gown:

At

At country-dances, not a nose
 Could in the Dog-days, smell her Toes.
 Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
 Like iv'ry dry, and soft as wax,
 Her hands, the softest ever felt,
 * Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.

Dear Venus, hide this wond'rous maid,
 Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
 While she engrosseth ev'ry swain,
 You but o'er half the world can reign.
 Think what a case all men are now in,
 What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
 What powder'd wigs! What flames and darts!
 What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
 What sword-knots! What poetick strains!
 What billet-doux, and clouded canes!

But, STREPHON sigh'd so loud and strong,
 He blew a settlement along:
 And, bravely drove his rivals down
 With coach and six, and house in town.
 The bashful nymph no more withstands,
 Because her dear papa commands.
 The charming couple now unites:
 Proceed we to the marriage rites.

Imprimis, At the temple porch
 Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
 The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
 Her infant loves with purple wings:
 And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
 Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
 The muses next in order follow,
 Conducted by their Squire, Apollo:
 Then Mercury with silver tongue,
 And Hebe, goddess ever young.

* Though deep, yet clear, &c.

DENHAM.

Behold

Behold the bridegroom and his bride,
 Walk hand in hand, and side by side;
 She by the tender Graces drest,
 But he by Mars, in scarlet vest.
 The nymph was cover'd with her * Flammeum.
 And Phœbus sung th' Epithalamium.
 And, last, to make the matter sure,
 Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
 † Luna was absent, on pretence
 Her time was not till nine months hence.

The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
 In state return'd the grand parade;
 With loud huzza's from all the boys,
 That, now the pair must *crown their joys*.

But still the hardest part remains.
 STREPHON had long perplex'd his brains,
 How with so high a nymph he might
 Demean himself the wedding-night:
 For, as he view'd his person round,
 Meer mortal flesh was all he found:
 His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
 Were duly washt to keep them sweet;
 (With other parts that shall be nameless,
 The ladies else might think me shameless.)
 The weather and his love were hot;
 And should he struggle, I know what—
 Why, let it go, if I must tell it—
 He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it.
 While she a goddess dy'd in grain
 Was unsusceptible of stain:
 And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
 Exhal'd Ambrosia from within:
 Can such a deity endure
 A mortal human touch impure?

* A veil which the Roman brides cover'd themselves with,
 when they were going to be married.

† Diana, goddess of midwives.

How did the humbled swain detest
His prickled beard, and hairy breast!
His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.

Yet, if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find!
And, goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men:
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Col'nel *Peleus* to her bed.
But, what if he shou'd lose his life
By vent'ring on his heav'nly wife?
For, STREPHON could remember well,
That, once he heard a school boy tell,
How Semele of mortal race,
By thunder dy'd in Jove's embrace:
And, what if daring STREPHON dies
By lightning shot from CHLOE's eyes?

While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But, awfully his distance kept.

Now, *Ponder well ye parents dear*;
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer:
And, make them ev'ry afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;
That, e'er to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it ev'ry sup:
If not; they must in evil plight
Be often forc'd to rise at night,
Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
Nor let them taste what causes wind;
'Tis this (* the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans)

* A well-known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans.

O, think what evils must ensue ;
 Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue :
 And when she once has got the art,
 She cannot help it for her heart ;
 But, out it flies, ev'n when she meets
 Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.

* Carminative and † Diuretick,
 Will damp all passion sympathetick :
 And, love such nicety requires,
 One *blast* will put out all his fires.
 Since husbands get behind the scene,
 The wife should study to be clean ;
 Nor give the smallest room to guess
 The time when nature wants to press ;
 But, after marriage, practise more
 Decorum than she did before ;
 To keep her spouse deluded still,
 And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair :
 'Tis time to shew how things went there.
 STREPHON, who had been often told,
 That fortune still assists the bold,
 Resolv'd to make his first attack :
 But, CHLOE drove him fiercely back.
 How could a nymph so chaste as CHLOE,
 With constitution cold and snowy,
 Permit a brutish man to touch her ?
 Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the Butcher.
 Resistance on the wedding-night
 Is what our maidens claim by right :
 And, CHLOE, 'tis by all agreed,
 Was maid in thought, in word, and deed ;
 Yet, some assign a diff'rent reason ;
 That STREPHON chose no proper season.

* Medicines to break wind.

† Medicines to provoke urine.

Say,

* V.
 of Saler
 Ming

Say, fair ones, must I make a pause?
Or freely tell the secret cause.

Twelve cups of tea, (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first:
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effect of pease,
Think what can give the cholick ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are tost by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed:
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As CHLOE's skin, almost as bright.

STREPHON, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil;
Cry'd out, ye gods, what sound is this?
Can CHLOE, heav'nly CHLOE p—s?
But, when he smelt a noisom steam
Which oft attends that luke-warm stream;
(Salerno * both together joins
As sov'reign med'cines for the loins)
And, tho' contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose:
He found her, while the scent increas'd,
As mortal as himself at least.
But, soon with like occasions prest,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side.
And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rowzer in her face.

The little Cupids hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove) with garlands crown'd,

* *Vide Schol.* Salern. Rules of health, written by the school
of *Salernum*

Mingere cum bumbis res est saluberrima lumbis.

Abasht at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantick flights ;
To goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet ;
To silver meads and shady bow'rs,
Drest up with Amaranthin flow'rs.

How great a change ! how quickly made !
They learn to call a spade, a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed ;
Can see each other *do their need*.

On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for *dearest life*.
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.

Now, STREPHON daily entertains
His CHLOE in the homeliest strains :
And, CHLOE more experienc'd grown,
With int'rest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd,
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she, to name her parts behind,
Or, when a-bed, to let out wind.

Fair *Decency*, celestial maid,
Descend from heav'n to beauty's aid :
Tho' beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire :
For, beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by opinion :
If decency bring no supplies
Opinion falls, and beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry :
But, e'er you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after ;

For

For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O STREPHON, e'er that fatal day
When CHLOE stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case ;
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings ;
'Twere better you had lickt her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt ;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy.
And, spight of CHLOE's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities both old and recent
Direct that women must be decent ;
And, from the spouse each blemish hide
More than from all the world beside.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain,
Their empire holds so short a reign ;
Is after marriage lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon :
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.

They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down :
Tho' by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at pow'r supream,
Those arts by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.

What various ways our females take,
To pass for wits before a rake !
And, in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true.

Some try to learn polite behaviour,
 By reading books against their Saviour :
 Some call it witty to reflect
 On ev'ry natural defect :
 Some shew they never want explaining,
 To comprehend a double meaning,
 But, sure a tell-tale out of school
 Is, of all wits, the greatest fool :
 Whose rank imagination fills
 Her heart, and from her lips distils ;
 You'd think she utter'd from behind,
 Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
 By every coxcomb, but her lord ?
 From yonder puppet-man inquire,
 Who wisely hides his wood and wire :
 Shews Sheba's Queen compleatly drest,
 And Solomon in royal vest ;
 But, view them litter'd on the floor,
 Or strung on pegs behind the door ;
 Punch is exactly of a-piece
 With Lorrain's Duke, and Prince of Greece.

A prudent builder should forecast
 How long the stuff is like to last ;
 And, carefully observe the ground,
 To build on some foundation sound :
 What house, when its materials crumble,
 Must not inevitably tumble ?
 What edifice can long endure,
 Rais'd on a basis unsecure ?
 Rash mortals, e'er you take a wife,
 Contrive your pile to last for life :
 Since beauty scarce endures a day,
 And youth so swiftly glides away ;
 Why will you make yourself a bubble
 To build on sand, with hay and stubble ?

On sense and wit your passion found,
 By decency cemented round ;

Let

Let prudence with good-nature strive,
 To keep esteem and love alive.
 Then, come old-age whene'er it will,
 Your friendship shall continue still :
 And thus a mutual gentle fire,
 Shall never but with life expire.

PHYLLIS; *or, The Progress of*
 LOVE.

DEsponding Phyllis was endu'd
 With ev'ry talent of a prude :
 She trembled when a man drew near ;
 Salute her and she turn'd her ear ;
 If o'er-against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above your waste :
 She'd rather take you to her bed,
 Than let you see her dress her head :
 In Church you heard her thro' the crowd,
 Repeat the Absolution loud ;
 In Church secure behind her fan,
 She durst behold that monster MAN :
 There practis'd how to place her head,
 And bit her lips, to make them red ;
 Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
 Wou'd lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
 And heave her bosom, unaware,
 For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
 At length, a lucky lover came,
 And found admittance to the dame.
 Suppose all parties now agreed,
 The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
 The Vicar and the ring bespoke ;
 Guess, how could such a match be broke ;
 See then, what mortals place their blifs in !
 Next morn, betimes, the bride was missing.

The

The mother scream'd, the father chid ;
 Where can this idle wench be hid ?
 No news of PHYL ! The bridegroom came,
 And thought his bride had sculk'd for shame ;
 Because her father us'd to say,
 The girl *had such a bashful way.*

Now John the butler must be sent,
 To learn the road that Phyllis went.
 The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop ;
 For, John must neither light, nor stop,
 But find her wherefoe'er she fled,
 And bring her back alive or dead.

See here again the Dev'l to do ;
 For, truly, John was missing too.
 The horse and pillion both were gone !
 Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.

Old Madam, who went up to find
 What papers PHYL had left behind,
 A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much honour'd father—These:
 ('Tis always done, Romances tell us,
 When daughters run away with fellows)
 Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
 By others us'd in the like cases ;

• That, long ago, a *Fortune-teller*
 • Exactly said what now befel her ;
 • And in a *glass* had made her see
 • A *serving-man of low degree.*
 • It was *her fate*, must be forgiven,
 • For *marriages were made in heaven :*
 • His pardon begg'd ; but, to be plain,
 • She'd *do't if 'twere to do again.*
 • Thank God, 'twas *neither shame nor sin*
 • For John was come of *honest kin.*
 • Love never thinks of rich and poor,
 • She'd *beg with John from door to door.*
 • Forgive her, if it be a crime,
 • She'll never *do't another time.*

• She

' She ne'er before in all her life,
 ' Once disobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
 ' One argument she summ'd up all in,
 ' The *Thing was done and past recalling*.
 ' And therefore hop'd she should recover
 ' His favour when his *passion's over*!
 ' She valu'd not what others thought her,
 ' And was—his *most obedient daughter*.

Fair maidens all attend the Muse,
 Who now the wandering pair pursues.
 Away they rode in homely fort,
 Their journey long, their money short;
 The loving couple well bemir'd;
 The horse and both the riders tir'd;
 Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
 PHYL cry'd, and John began to curse;
 PHYL wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him:
 John wish'd, that he had broke a leg,
 When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more beset 'em,
 The Muse hath now no time to tell 'em;
 How Johnny wheedled, threatned, fawn'd,
 Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
 How oft she broke her marriage-vows,
 In kindness, to maintain her spouse,
 Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
 For now the Surgeon must be paid,
 To whom those perquisites are gone,
 In christian justice due to John.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a period to the farce,
 And with exact poetick justice;
 For John is Landlord, Phyllis Hostess:
 They keep, at *Staines*, the *Old Blue Boar*,
 Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

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A RIDDLE upon * * * *

BEcause I am by nature blind,
 I wisely chuse to walk behind;
 However, to avoid disgrace,
 I let no creature see my face.
 My words are few, but spoke with sense:
 And yet my speaking gives offence:
 Or, if to whisper I presume,
 The company will fly the room.
 By all the world I am oppress'd,
 And my oppression gives them rest.

Through me, tho' fore against my will,
 Instructors ev'ry art instil.
 By thousands I am sold and bought,
 Who neither get nor lose a groat;
 For none, alas! by me can gain,
 But those who give me greatest pain.
 Shall man presume to be my master,
 Who's but my caterer and taster?
 Yet tho' I always have my will,
 I'm but a meer depender still:
 An humble hanger-on at best;
 Of whom all people make a jest.

In me, detractors seek to find
 Two vices of a diff'rent kind:
 I'm too profuse, some cens'ers cry,
 And all I get, I *let it fly*:
 While others give me many a curse,
 Because too close I hold my purse.
 But this I know, in either case
 They dare not charge me to my face.
 'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
 Sometimes run out of all I have;
 But when the year is at an end,
 Computing what I get and spend,

My

My goings out, and comings in,
 I cannot find I lose or win ;
 And therefore all that know me, say,
 I justly keep the middle way.
 I'm always by my betters led ;
 I last get up, and first a-bed ;
 Tho', if I rise *before my time*,
 The learn'd in sciences sublime,
 Consult the stars, and then foretel
 Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

The GLISTER. A TALE.

IN Berkshire's County, liv'd of late,
 An honest farmer and his mate ;
 Who liv'd a sort of—happy life—
 As cou'd be found 'twixt man and wife :
 With plenty was their table crown'd ;
 With plenty did their fields abound :
 And to compleat their earthly joy,
 Heav'n bless'd 'em with a—booby boy.
 The simple father thought him wise,
 (For parents see with partial eyes)
 So great his learning and his knowledge,
 Wou'd sure adorn ev'n Gresham's College :
 (For Numps had early learn'd at school,
 To know what's Latin for a fool ;
 With twenty other words, I ween
 Cou'd tell in English what they mean.)

Thus stock'd with learning, Numps was sent
 To Doctor Blister, with intent
 To learn of him the art of Physick :
 How Gripes are cur'd, how Gout, and Phthifick ;
 With thousands more of mortal ills,
 Which, join'd with Physick, often kills.

Now Numps is sent with ev'ry flop,
 Collected from his master's shop :

With

With blisters, draughts, and pills in plenty ;
And purges eke, at least some twenty.

A glister too for Lady Frolick,
To ease the griping pains of cholick :
Which Numps was order'd straight to give,
Or else the Lady cou'd not live.

' And Numps, d'ye hear ? the Doctor cry'd,
' Since you a glister ne'er apply'd,
' This counsel take : You know behind,
' There is a vent to let out wind.
' In which apply the pipe aright,
' Then press the bag with all your might,
' Till you the same have empty'd quite.
' Then draw the implement with care ;
' And see you force away no h—r.' }

Instructed thus, poor Numpy goes,
And, blushing, turns aside the cloaths.
Then, trembling, looks with careful eye,
To find the part the pipe t'apply,
When lo ! to Numpy's great surprize,
A horrid form assaults his eyes !
He wond'ring, cries, What's here I trow !
As sure as I'm alive, below }

Two holes I find quite plain to sight,
So woundy rough enough to fright ;
And, zooks, I know not which is right.
Then loudly adds, with stupid leer,
I wonder how they both came here.

The Lady all this while oppress'd
With racking pains, cou'd find no rest ;
In anger, cry'd, What means the fool ?
Apply the glister e'er it cool.

At this reproof, poor Numps in haste,
With trembling hands the glister plac'd ;
But plac'd it wrong (or fame do lie)
And gave it in her——*Nether Eye.*

F I N I S.



